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## LITERATURE.

*The Feeling for Nature in Scottish Poetry.*

By John Veitch. In 2 vols. (Blackwood.)

PROF. VEITCH leads us through a charming country in these two volumes, prepares us before we start with a lecture on what we are to look for, and entertains us with much excellent discourse by the way. The lecture deserves attention first. The form of it never allows us to forget that Dr. Veitch, besides being a Professor of Logic, is a poet and an ardent worshipper of nature, especially of the nature of his own Southern Scottish hills and vales. But logical habit is also apparent in the lecture. In substance, it is a deductive theory of the several stages that man's interest in nature should pass through as he advances in civilisation; and it invites us to look for the verification of this deductive theory in the study of the poetic facts afterwards advanced.

According to the theory, if we rightly understand it—and it is only fair to Prof. Veitch to say that he shows himself fully aware of the difficulty of drawing strict lines of demarcation, and admits that nature-feelings different in source may be intermixed—the lowest form of nature-feeling is mere organic exhilaration and comfort, delight in sunshine, bright skies, fresh breezes, soft warm air, as immediate ministers of physical happiness. This is a stage of nature-worship within the reach of every creature that has a nervous organisation, healthy or unhealthy; and it would hardly be a paradox to maintain that the feeling is more intense in the unhealthy and uncomfortable than in their more fortunate and self-sufficing possessors of perfect health and comfort. The joy with which mediaeval poets hail the return of spring and the copious enthusiasm of their celebration of its charms is often referred to their greater freshness of feeling, to their youthfulness as compared with the jaded singers of later days. It was due at least as much to the fact that they were less comfortably housed and clad, more exposed to the inclemencies of winter, and consequently more intensely relieved by the return of the sweet season of bird and bloom, and soft "attempre" air. Prof. Veitch's second stage may be called the Pastoral, when grassy uplands and meadows and running brooks commend themselves to the eye not by their intrinsic beauty, but simply as good well-watered pasture land, suggesting to the spectator a certain sense of the comfort that such possessions bring. The third stage may be called the Agricultural, when a similar sense of comfort is awakened by the spectacle of rich stretches of corn land, waving harvests, or labourers busy with plough or scythe.

These three stages of nature-interest are sufficiently well-marked, if not actually as "stages" or "epochs," in the development of nature-sentiment, definitely following one another, and definitely traceable in the history of poetry (which could hardly be maintained)—well marked, at least, as distinguishable sources of affectionate regard for outward things, the affection being utilitarian in origin, but not necessarily consciously so in exercise. Concerning Prof. Veitch's two highest stages, there is room for more difference of opinion, because they are not so distinctly marked, and because he includes in them a much greater diversity of interests. The fourth stage he describes as "free, pure nature-feeling," when the aspect and the objects of outward nature are loved for themselves, without any reference to their value as contributing to human sustenance and comfort. Theoretically this stage should not be reached, as a general national characteristic, till the severity of man's struggle with nature is abated, till he is confident of having his physical needs supplied, and has sufficient leisure from the daily warfare against want to be able to cast an untroubled eye on the landscape. And theory is so far verified that purely descriptive poetry, the expression in metrical language of purely picturesque studies, is a comparatively late experiment in literature. We may remark in parenthesis that it is a doubtfully successful experiment, the poet in this particular competing at a disadvantage with the painter, provided he confines himself, strictly and unreservedly, to the pure delight of the eye, which no poet, who knows the immense resources of his art, is likely to do. Still, the endeavour after purely sensuous effect in poetry undoubtedly increases and is more widely appreciated with the increase of civilisation and comfort. But if the question is when this "free, pure nature-feeling" begins, and to what extent it enters into early poetry, that is another affair. Prof. Veitch remarks truly that sympathy with the sterner side of nature is rare in early poetry; and he goes on to say that rugged and desolate scenery, and the fierce storms of winter seem to have impressed our early poets as being simply horrible and repulsive, and to have awakened in them no feeling that can be called aesthetic. But not to go beyond Scottish poetry, to which he confines himself for verification of his theory, we may admit the first proposition without feeling so certain about the second. For example, one of Prof. Veitch's earliest quotations is a description of the seasons by the author of *Syr Gawayn and the Grene Knyght*—a poem referable to the fourteenth, or, at latest, the early fifteenth century. Here, undoubtedly, winter is described in such a way as to produce the shuddering shivering feeling which Prof. Veitch, here as in a previous work, declares to be the dominant note in mediaeval Scotch references to the doleful season. The fury of a winter storm, the "snittering snaw sniping" in the open country, the "warbling wind wapping" from the heights, driving the dales full of big drifts, is described with great spirit in alliterative verse; and a peasant is introduced lying in his bed, listening full well, and sleeping little, though he locks his lids. But we are not so certain that the poet's sympathy is more with the shuddering listener than

with the raging storm. And similarly with a passage quoted by Dr. Veitch from another poem of the same date, *The Awntyrs of Arthur*, where a hunting party is dispersed by a storm, and run to the rocks for shelter from "the sleet and the snow that snapped them so snell," we suspect that there was enough of the old Adam in the poet to sympathise with the "snapper" as much as with the snapped. And in so far as the poets of those days sympathised at heart with the energy of vast destructive forces, their feeling was as aesthetic, in the sense of disinterested free nature-feeling, as can be found in the most modern days. Prof. Veitch's theory is well thought out and carefully guarded, and we daresay he would not dissent from this; but, if the theory is to be taken strictly as a theory of evolution, and not merely of parallel sources, he has not in the statement of it given sufficient prominence to the fact that man is from the first so constituted as to take a delight in purely picturesque beauty, and in the stir and excitement of the wilder moods of nature. It is necessary only for the exercise of these faculties that he be relieved from the preoccupation of sordid cares; and the earliest poets may be presumed to have achieved this happy release. In which case they would pass at once into the fourth stage of nature-feeling, without necessarily travelling through the various stages of utilitarian sentiment. And this is what we find in the earliest descriptions of spring quoted by Prof. Veitch—the purest possible delight in the scenic beauties of the earth when winter is gone, not a mere rejoicing in the comfort of the change or in the prospect of prime mutton or an abundant harvest. The primitive poet, as much as his most artificial successor, could see a lamb frisking on hillside or meadow, and could admire the tender green of young corn, without any pleasing thrill of internal organic anticipation. Then, as regards the stern side of nature, which the primitive poet used mainly for the illustration of the darker human passions, it is doubtful whether the modern delight in the silence and solitude of lonely glens and barren unpeopled wastes can fairly be classed as free, pure nature-feeling. Man brings to the enjoyment of such solitudes more than the open senses. He brings also the troubled heart, the consciousness of fret and worry and confinement within a narrow world of petty cares and checks. The relief that he experiences is not a mere disinterested sentiment than the joy of the mediaeval poet at the return of warmth and light after cold and darkness. Nor is this longing for the relief to be found in solitary places an entirely modern feeling. Achilles sought such relief when he paced the beach of the noisy sea; and the mourning maiden of the fifteenth century, whose lament Prof. Veitch quotes, was a nature-worshipper with similar intent when she walked

"amang the holtis hair  
Within the woodis wild."

Only in modern times hundreds of persons with griefs not quite so tragic have been educated into finding solace in the grandeur of bleakness and desolation—a most excellent thing from the utilitarian point of view.

The fifth stage in Prof. Veitch's theory is reached when nature is no longer viewed as "a mere gallery of pictures, or a simple

panoramic display," but as the expression of personality akin to man's. The highest form of this interest in nature is found, of course, in Wordsworth; but Prof. Veitch has Wordsworth's own authority for treating the Greek personification of nature as analogous. Now everybody will agree that this way of looking at nature is higher, in so far as it is immeasurably more interesting, from an artistic point of view more effective, from every point of view, ethical and aesthetical, more profitable and satisfying, providing the moralist reads the right lessons out of nature. But if it is a question of evolution, of the gradual development of nature-feeling, we may well doubt the accuracy of treating the mythologic impersonation of outward objects and changes as representing the same stage of feeling with Wordsworth's conception of nature as

"a mighty sum  
Of things for ever speaking."

Wordsworth's feeling towards nature was too complex to be summed up in any formula; but the breathless life that his imagination found even in the fixed lineaments of the outer world was but a part of his poetic creed, and, moreover, was different in kind both from immanent personification and from personification detached in a mythology. Personification, pure and simple, belongs to a stage as rudimentary as the barest utilitarian nature-sentiment, a stage common to children and savages and—there is every reason to believe—the lower animals. Prof. Veitch is unquestionably right, so far as Wordsworth is concerned, in describing his stage of feeling as a reaction against the conception of nature as "a mere gallery of pictures." But he is less happy in characterising it as "a pure symbolism," and in placing it in the same grade of development with Greek mythology, although the "Wanderer" in the fourth book of the *Excursion* gives some ground for so doing.

While stages were in formation, one would have liked to see a sixth constituted, in which the conflict between the utilitarian and the picturesque aspects of nature is reconciled by the energy of the imagination. This is the highest level of all, so high and of so rarified an atmosphere that even Wordsworth himself could not always sustain his flight in it. The most conspicuous example of his success in this reconciliation of sense at war with soul is seen in his sonnet on "Steamboats, Viaducts, and Railways"—a sonnet so much ignored and yet so typical of imagination's victory over the despotism of the senses and of vulgar associations that we may be excused for quoting it:

"Motions and means, on land and sea, at war  
With old poetic feeling, not for this,  
Shall ye, by poets even, be judged amiss!  
Nor shall your presence, howso'er it mar  
The loveliness of nature, prove a bar  
To the mind's gaining that prophetic sense  
Of future change, that point of vision whence  
May be discovered what in soul ye are.  
In spite of all that beauty may disown  
In your harsh features, Nature doth embrace  
Her lawful offspring in man's art; and Time,  
Pleased with your triumphs o'er his brother  
Space,  
Accepts from your bold hand the proffered  
crown  
Of hope, and smiles on you with cheer sublime."

The poet's imagination, alas! was less robust, and succumbed ignominiously to the

"old poetic feeling" when he wrote his sonnet "On the Projected Kendal and Windermere Railway." His most devoted admirers must always regret this fall beneath the highest level of his doctrine of the beneficent supremacy of the imagination—a summit so high that exoteric disciples, who are really groveling in a lower stage, sometimes fail to see the poet where he stands, and fancy themselves to be really at a higher elevation.

We have dwelt at length that may seem disproportionate on the theory which Prof. Veitch's two volumes propose to illustrate from Scottish poetry. Readers may, if they please, enjoy the selections without troubling themselves about the theory, suggestive and interesting as it is. Prof. Veitch shows the most intimate conversance with Scottish poetry, and has produced a thoroughly representative anthology. One of the surprises of the collection is Alexander Hume's "Day Estival"—a long descriptive poem of the sixteenth century. Prof. Veitch is, perhaps, a little more than just to James I. as a nature-poet, and certainly a little less than just to Henryson when he gives the palm to Dunbar over this exquisitely tender and imaginative word-painter. Dunbar, with all his energy and copiousness, is comparatively conventional. And we do not think that he need have gone so far afield for the source of Drummond's appreciation of mountain-scenery. It was to be found nearer home, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*. But on such points differences of opinion are inevitable; and Prof. Veitch is to be heartily congratulated on the completion of what has evidently been a task as pleasant to him as the result is profitable to his readers.

W. MINTO.

#### TWO LETTER WRITERS.

*Letters and Recollections of Julius and Mary Mohl.* By M. C. M. Simpson. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.)

*Selections from Papers of the Twining Family.* Edited by Richard Twining. (John Murray.)

THE two books, whose titles are given above, furnish examples of letter-writing which it is interesting to set side by side. Both Mdme. Mohl and Mr. Twining were what would be called excellent correspondents, using their pens with great facility, and putting upon paper a good deal more than the mere gossip of the days in which they lived. The former, as might be expected, is the more vivacious; the latter, the more instructive. Mdme. Mohl is effusive and diffusive, humorous, and satirical, fond of startling her friends with novel notions and expressions—everywhere and at all times a pleasant egoist. Mr. Twining's style is scarcely less lively, but the liveliness is of a different order. It is the outcome of a naturally cheerful disposition exercising itself upon subjects which have not merely met his eye but engaged his attention. He has reasons to give for the opinions he has formed, and does not lay claim to that agile perception which can dispense with the slow process of thought. We can quite understand that the letters of each were highly prized by those who received them; but for Mr. Twining's, which have survived for nearly a century, we predict the more enduring reputation.

As both writers have been noticed in the ACADEMY more than once it is unnecessary to give any details of their personal history, but we should like to state that Julius Mohl has other claims to consideration beside that of being the husband of Mdme. Mohl. He was an Orientalist of high reputation, and lived on friendly terms with most of the leading men of letters on the Continent. In his own special line of study he stood almost alone. With him, says M. Laboulaye, "science was a religion, of which he was an ever zealous votary." But he was also an excellent letter-writer, and the accounts which he gives of the scenes in Paris during the siege and under the Commune are among the most interesting passages in this volume. Writing while the Commune was fighting with mad ferocity, he describes the state of things as "a cheaper and nasty edition of the Terror"; and, though taking a calmer view than most of his French neighbours, admits that

"it is not comfortable to live with a hundred thousand madmen, or fool, or scoundrels, with guns in their hands, and a Commune whose great preoccupation seems to be now to throw peaceful people in [to] its prisons, which it had taken care to get emptied of all the rascals which were in them."

We have space for only one more extract. While others were despairing M. Mohl was hopeful:

"When this folly shall be exploded we shall find an inconceivable ruin in Paris; and what their impatient madness has cost France in money, in reputation, and in political prospects, is perfectly incalculable. I find that the friends who are yet here are disheartened to the last degree. They believe that France has fallen into the state of Spain or Austria—a helpless log on the sea of revolution; and I find myself, to my own wonder, more French than all of them. I do believe in this nation and its faculty of recovering itself. . . ."

Contrast with this Mdme. Mohl's somewhat flippant mode of treating serious subjects. It pervades her letters; and we may cite, as an example, her comment on Mr. Palgrave's religious experiences:

"I have no doubt it was the English Wahabees [who] made him a Catholic. Now he has taken a walk back, not into Protestantism (no, no, thank you for nothing), but into Christianity. Don't be shocked, but I think neither Catholics nor Protestants are exactly Christians."

What Mdme. Mohl's own creed was we need not inquire. Her main object in life was to seek and to afford amusement, and in the latter business she was certainly successful. Wit and wisdom, we must admit, show themselves in the following characteristic note:

"Oh, the wickedness of neglecting one's self! Suicide is nothing to it; one is buried and done with; people are very sorry, and get consoled; but sick folk are the plague of one's life. They absorb more capital than a war. Their relations are generally annihilated; and then the money, the doctors, the rubbers, the water-packers, the travels, the lodgings at watering-places, the bottles, the gallipots, the plasters, the blisters, the powders, the pill-boxes, the night lamps, the saucers, the messes, gruels, semolinas, tapiocas! I could commit suicide myself to get out of the way; wicked, cruel, extravagant, selfish, absorbing wretches!"

Elsewhere Mdme. Mohl expresses approval of cats (for whom, indeed, she had quite an Egyptian fondness), because, when their time came, they kept out of sight, and shuffled off the mortal coil unseen. "Je mourrai seule" had no terror for her.

In Mr. Twining's letters we get into quite another world—a world of larger leisure and less excitement, and one in which the tone and temper and brilliant conversation of the *salon* scarcely have a place. But the writer in his travels at home and abroad came in contact with many men of mark; and the account he gives of Prof. Heyne, whom he visited at Göttingen, is especially interesting. This portrait of Dr. Parr is lifelike:

"His figure was excellent. He had on a waistcoat or jacket of the rough greatcoat kind of stuff of which footmen's jackets are made nowadays. The colour was the footman's colour, nothing clerical about it. But then the doctor had black stockings and breeches and a wig—which, though it was reduced by age, was still a great wig—and a sort of dignified hat, the sides of which were bent back on the crown. . . . In one corner of his garden is a small summer-house with a chimney smoking, and there the doctor sits and smokes, and there he trims ministers and bishops."

Like a scholar of olden times, Mr. Twining has generally an apt quotation from Horace or Virgil wherewith to point his observations, and these are generally as shrewd as they are good-humoured.

Letters must always be, to a large extent, the best exponents of character, and from the specimens which fill these volumes it is an easy matter to get on intimate terms with Julius and Mary Mohl and with Thomas Twining. Each is a distinct acquisition to our circle of acquaintance, and an occasional intercourse with them will undoubtedly afford entertainment and pleasure.

CHARLES J. ROBINSON.

*The Sonnets of Europe.* A Volume of Translations, selected and arranged by Samuel Waddington. (Walter Scott.)

WHATEVER its origin—whether it be native to Italy or descended from the classical ode—the sonnet is common to almost all the languages of Europe. Here, in England, we claim to possess an original type, not derived from the Italian, though related to it. It is true that most of our sonnet writers—Shakspeare being a notable exception—adopt the Petrarchan model, but every form of English verse is an indigenous growth. English sonnets therefore rightly find no place in a European anthology.

The present selection is in all ways an admirable one. Its editor is a devotee of the sonnet, and both as poet and translator he has himself done excellent work. One of the best translations in this volume is from his own pen; but he has modestly hidden it away among the notes, where the reader may chance on it by accident. It is a rendering of Dante's sonnet on "Beauty and Duty":

"Lo, throned upon my spirit's loftiest height,  
Here of true love discourse fair ladies twain;  
And one, with honoured prudence in her train,  
In valorous courtesy is richly dight:—  
The other glistens with the golden light  
Of smiles and winning grace, where beauties  
reign;  
And I, of each enamoured, still remain  
The slave of each, as love asserts his might.

Beauty and Duty, these my spirit woo,  
And urge their suit, doubting if loyal kiss  
To both can e'er be given, and faithful prove:  
Yet saith the fount of gentle speech and true—  
Both may be thine!—Beauty, for dearest bliss;  
But Duty, for good deeds, shall win thy love."

I am fain to say that this is preferable to Rossetti's rendering of the same sonnet, though I am conscious of the boldness of such a criticism. The reader will look in vain here for any of Rossetti's translations. Their absence, it is stated, is due to the refusal of the publishers to permit their reproduction. But surely, from every point of view, this is a regrettable circumstance, for no poet has so well put into English the *Vita Nuova* or the writings of Dante's immediate circle, and a series of sonnet translations which contains no specimens from Rossetti cannot be considered complete.

Yet independently of Rossetti we are rich—as Mr. Waddington's collection amply shows—in sonnet translations from the Italian. Foremost stands Cary, whose translation of the first of these sonnets—"Love's Bondman," by the earliest of sonnet writers, Fra Guittone D'Arezzo—is inimitable:

"Great joy it were to me to join the throng  
That Thy celestial throne, O Lord, surround,  
Where perfect peace and pardon shall be found—  
Peace for good doings, pardon for the wrong;  
Great joy to hear the vault of heaven prolong  
That everlasting trumpet's mighty sound,  
That shall to each award their final bound—  
Wailing to these, to those the blissful song.  
All this, dear Lord, were welcome to my soul,  
For on his bane every one shall bear  
Inscribed, what late was hidden in the heart;  
And round my forehead wreathed a lettered scroll  
Shall in this tenor my sad fate declare:  
'Love's bondman, I from him might never  
part.'"

The translations from the *Vita Nuova* given here include two by Mr. Charles Eliot Norton, both very graceful compositions and good renderings. There are several by Sir Theodore Martin, who is always an apt translator, though his work is sometimes wanting in poetic quality. In these specimens he is at his best. Mr. Waddington appears to attach importance to Dr. Parsons' translation of one of the *Vita Nuova* sonnets. It contains some good lines—these for instance:

"But meekly moves, as if sent down to earth  
To show another miracle to men!  
"And such a pleasure from her presence grows  
On him who gazeth, while she passeth by—  
A sense of sweetness that no mortal knows  
Who hath not felt it—that the soul's repose  
Is woken to worship."

The whole sonnet however is marred by a prosaic phrase in the second line, and a four-fold rhyme in the sestet. Here again Henry Cary seems to take the first place, while Mr. Russell Lowell, true poet though he is, has almost the lowest.

The selection includes numerous translations from Petrarch—six being by Colonel Higginson, and six others by Cayley. Higginson is admittedly the best translator of Petrarch, whose grace of style suffers nothing in the transmutation—at his hands—from Italian into English. Take one example, the sonnet "Levommi il mio Pensiero":

"Dreams bore my fancy to that region where  
She dwells whom here I seek, but cannot see.  
'Mid those who in the loftiest heaven be  
I looked on her, less haughty and more fair.

She touched my hand: she said, "Within this sphere,  
If hope deceive not, thou shalt dwell with me:  
I filled thy life with war's wild agony;  
Mine own day closed ere evening could appear.  
My bliss no human brain can understand;  
I wait for thee alone, and that fair veil  
Of beauty thou dost love shall wear again."  
Why was she silent then, why dropped my hand  
Ere those delicious tones could quite avail  
To bid my mortal soul in heaven remain?"

Roscoe's translations from Lorenzo de Medici are familiar, as are Mr. Addington Symonds's of the sonnets of Michael Angelo. Both translators are well represented here. Mr. Waddington gives us one sonnet—his own rendering—from Leonardo da Vinci. Ariosto is also represented by one only, which in his case seems an insufficient number. Tasso, many of whose sonnets possess much dignity, is worthily exhibited, both in point of number and quality of translation. The "Love Unloved," translated by Glassford, of Dougalston, is a particularly good rendering. The same may be said of Mr. Herman Merivale's "Love"; but an imperfect rhyme is unpardonable in a sonnet, and in this there are several—"tongue" with "song," "belong" with "along," and still worse, "presents" (the verb) with "sense." Among the translations from other Italian poets is a sonnet by Salvator Rosa, translated by Mr. William Michael Rossetti; and this part of the collection closes with a single sonnet by the late Gabriele Rossetti, translated in humourous and forcible English by his son, Mr. W. M. Rossetti.

The French sonnets include a considerable number by Ronsard, the majority being translated by Mr. Andrew Lang. Of Molière there is but one example, which is translated by Mr. Austin Dobson. Of Baudelaire there are three, and of Sully Prudhomme four, all the latter being admirably rendered by Arthur O'Shaughnessy. German sonnets make only a small show, and none of the translations are remarkable. The same may be said of the Spanish sonnets, the best specimens being Longfellow's translations from Lope de Vega, and the same poet's rendering of "The Brook," from Lopez Maldonado. Portuguese sonnets—the mythical source of some of Mrs. Browning's finest work—are mainly represented by specimens from Camoens, of which a considerable number are given, all except two being translated by Mr. J. J. Aubertin. There are six Swedish and two Dutch sonnets, all translated by Mr. Edmund Gosse. These, as well as some other contributions to the volume, are published for the first time. Two Polish sonnets of the present century are translated by Dr. Garnett, and two from the modern Greek by Mrs. Edmonds.

It only remains to add that this comprehensive little volume is made complete by some highly interesting and elucidatory notes.

GEORGE COTTERELL.

*Life of Giordano Bruno.* By I. Frith. (Trübner).

This work professes to fill what everyone must admit to be a gap in English literature. While France has long possessed the very meritorious monograph of Bartholomew—a work by no means yet superseded—while Berti and Fiorentino have more recently done

honour to their illustrious countryman, and while Germany possesses numberless monographs and essays dealing with the same subject, England, with her wonted insularity and impatience of pure speculation, has only a few scattered and superficial notices of the great Italian thinker.

I wish I could add that this work was worthy of the isolated glory of being the sole English monograph on Bruno. Some essential qualities for the production of such a work the author undoubtedly possesses. The first requisite of a biographer—enthusiastic appreciation of his subject—she possesses in abundance. To this she unites a fair knowledge—unhappily not always accurate—of Bruno's writings. She is also well read in Bruno-literature, and has studied with evident industry and earnestness the philosophical systems which seem related to that sublime but heterogeneous compound which the history of thought will ever identify with the name of Bruno. In a word, she has "got up" Giordano Bruno with a zeal inspired by sympathy and admiration; but "getting up" is closely akin to "cramming," and traces of haste, imperfectly assimilated information, and other indications of "cram" are everywhere legible in her book. For obvious reasons biographical "cram" is generally manifested by a defective or erroneous presentation of the hero's environment; accordingly the author's small acquaintance with contemporary history is indicated by her making Cardinal Bembo a Pope, while her defective knowledge of Bruno's philosophical surroundings is shown by her manner of treating the well known renaissance theory of "Two-fold Truth." She evidently has not the dimmest conception of the important part which that doctrine plays in the teachings of Bruno and of his contemporaries. Although she has before her Bruno's own views on the subject (pp. 230-231), she refers (p. 21) to Voltaire for an illustration of its application, apparently ignorant of the fact that it formed the primary article in the creed of every important thinker of Bruno's time. To render the matter worse she apparently makes this very belief in dual truth a charge against Hofmann, one of Bruno's persecutors (p. 202). A more deplorable confusion in what relates to a vital point of Bruno's teaching it is scarcely possible to imagine.

Equally characteristic of the haste and amateur workmanship of the book are its style and method. The former is harsh, involved and unformed; the latter rambling and discursive. The author seems to have had no defined plan for her work, and consequently her presentation of Bruno's thought lacks all semblance of coherence and lucidity. The chronological method of considering his writings, which in appearance she adopts, is in the last degree unsuited to a thinker like Bruno. She would have done better, and made the effort of reading her book less irksome, if she had compiled a conspectus of his different opinions on the chief points of theology and philosophy. This would have cost her, of course, much more labour; but it would have been work well bestowed, which, once well done, would not need to be repeated. Nor can it be said that her translations and paraphrases

of Bruno's many writings are to be depended on. As a rule she is able to grasp the meaning of the Italian works better than that of the Latin, but in both her renderings must be accepted by readers with caution. I have taken the pains to test her translations in not a few places, with the result of an increased distrust of her accuracy. To take a single instance, in his rhetorical *Oratio Valedictoria*, addressed to the University of Wittenberg, Bruno in his peroration makes the following invocation (*Op. Lat. Ed. Fior. i.*, p. 24):

"Vos quoque Nymphae istorum fontium et Nereides fluminis istius, ad cuius ripas mihi aërem captasse licuit, adeste."

This perfectly obvious and innocent prayer becomes in our author's rendering the following extraordinary travesty (p. 187):

"Ye, too, nymphs and nereids of that stream on whose verge I could cry peace and gladly breathe my soul into the air, keep watch and ward over the land"—

a Shelleian yearning far as the poles asunder from Bruno's courageous and life-loving temperament. Similar injury to the Nolan philosopher's personality is perpetrated by the author in the following solecism (p. 45):

"The centre which Copernicus believed to be immovable and in the sun, Bruno placed in sun after sun, even in the outermost parts of the universe and in infinity."

The outcome of the foregoing observations is briefly that, however well meant, this work is not well executed. Bruno is not a mere poet and mystic: he is a profound thinker, and hence can only be adequately treated by a biographer who is himself a scholar and philosopher. I do not, however, suggest that this book may not have its use, or that the author has not, on the whole, conferred a service on English literature by its publication. The "general public" is not apt to be fastidious on points of style or accuracy, and I quite admit that an uncritical reader will carry from its perusal a useful, working, dictionary-article view of the great Italian thinker; but, for scholars conversant with his works and times, the Life of Giordano Bruno has yet to be written.

JOHN OWEN.

#### HAHN ON THE TEUTONIC PANTHEON.

*Odin und sein Reich. Die Götterwelt der Germanen.* Von Werner Hahn. (Berlin: Simion.)

THE Teutonic world of gods is slowly rising once more in the memory of the German nation. Among the cultured classes, the poetical enjoyment of that ancient faith "of mightiest power," as Southey called it, which has a dramatic grandeur not reached even in the refined heavenly circle of the Greek Olympus, is visibly growing. So is the scientific interest attaching to the deeper thoughts of our forefathers, as shown in the representative figures of their nature worship.

The names of deities worshipped of yore in woods, on summits, at bournes, rivers, and near the sea-shore, are beginning to resound again, in Germany, among men otherwise little given to lingering on the paths of a far-off historical epoch. As to the mass of the people—at least in thorpes, hamlets, and forlorn homesteads—there are even now great tracts of German land where the old gods and

goddesses, and the swarm of nixes, elves, and cobolds—mostly going under the very names used in heathen times—still roam about in the fantastic regions of folklore. In the midst of the clang of arms, which now so often dimly shakes the repose of Europe, the remembrance of these once mighty spirits, and their identification from yet current popular belief, seems daily to gain in attraction. Art, poetry, and general literature bear witness to the fact.

Dr. Werner Hahn's book is one of the latest proofs. Known as a prominent Germanist, he has an excellent record in his version of the *Nibelungen Lied*, with aesthetic and historical forewords; his *Deutsche Poëtik*; and other works. In the present case he has sought "to pourtray the mythical traditions contained in the Edda in such forms of modern cultured understanding as to make them generally accessible, without learned help." In pursuance of this task he had "to link the fragments of the Edda together, in accordance with a systematic order of thought"; and this, he owns, sometimes entailed upon him the duty of deviating from one text which was contradictory to another. Again, he "sometimes had to fill up a gap" in the Icelandic Scripture. He did so, here and there, by a poetical invention of his own.

But is this, some may at once ask, a legitimate process? The only answer possible is that Dr. Hahn openly avows his work to be a popular rendering—in prose, but with a degree of poetical license—of the great mythological tragedy worked out by the mind of the Germanic race. To quote a precedent, did not Richard Wagner also freely use, for his "Ring of the Nibelung," our mediaeval epic, the corresponding older Eddic songs, as well as the *Volksbuch* in which the Siegfried tale was preserved for the masses, making additions and changes of his own? True, I will at once say, wherever Wagner has kept closest to the old records, the texts of his music-drama seems to me by far more powerful than when he gives free play to his own inventive mood.

If there are any works which, among the cultured classes of Germany, have spread a more general knowledge of the Teutonic creed it is Simrock's version of the Edda, in the main very faithful, simple, and yet highly poetical, with valuable explanations added to it; and his *Deutsche Mythologie*, a one-volume book, with a wonderfully rich mass of easily readable material. These merits are beyond question. The strangely hard words used in the preface of the book before us about Simrock's translation of the Norse Scripture are, therefore, to be regretted.

By way of showing why he had sometimes to gloss over apparent contradictions in the Teutonic creed, so as to produce a readable whole, Dr. Hahn remarks:

"It is of the most important deities that the ancient record gives tales gainsaying each other in close contiguity. This is chiefly the case with Odin. Odin builds up the world and rules it; yet, in order to get a draught of knowledge, he has to turn to one of those beings which partly have their existence through him."

This refers to Odin's pilgrimage to Mimir's well. But here it must be pointed out, first, that contradictory tenets, or legends, are found in all systems of faith. This is

owing to their generally composite origin, as well as to the alterations occurring even in religious thought in the course of hundreds or thousands of years. If we only take the epoch between the appearance of the Teutons and Kimbrians, or the accounts of Caesar and Tacitus, and the final overthrow of the Odin religion in the North, we get a space of something like ten to twelve centuries. If we throw in the Thracians as a nation of Teutonic kinship, and whatever we know of their mythology, the epoch is enlarged by many centuries more. What differences and changes there must have been in the religious tenets of these widely distributed branches of the Germanic stock during nearly two thousand years! It is vain to look for absolute consistency in the mythological conceptions of any race. Not to go into the Hindu, Greek, or other Pantheons, in all of which the hand of more than one race is discernible, we need only bring to recollection the Elohistic and Jehovahistic doctrines of the Old Testament, or the contradictory tenets of a Doomsday resurrection, and of an immediate immortality of the dead, being held side by side within the same creed.

As to the idea of Odin having created the world, this is quite a late, and not really Germanic, view. It was brought in under Christian influence. In the old Norse, as in other ancient religious systems, chaos precedes the formation of the universe. Before the gods even, the giants arise, as typical of the yet uncouth forces of nature. Hence we can very well understand that Odin, who had learnt the first chapters of wisdom from a giant, should go to one of those primeval beings that dwelt at the immense tree of existence which symbolises the universe, in order to learn from him the wisdom of the past. Odin is great, but he lives within the space of time. Not even he is from eternity; matter is before him. No doubt the later prose *Gylfaginning*, which forms an exegetic catechism of the North-Germanic creed, speaks of a time "when all was not." But the earlier *Völuspá*, when explaining the rise of the world, the giants, and the gods, says:

"Once was the age when Ymir lived:

There was no sand; no sea; no salty wave.  
No earth there was; nor Heavens above—  
Only yawning abyss, and growth nowhere."

That is, nothing was formed; yet Ymir lived: and Ymir is elementary chaotic matter. The heavenly figures were later comers. As to Odin, he, at the end of things, at the twilight of gods, is to be devoured by the wolf amid the fiery downfall of the world. Out of a great flood a new universe will then arise; but Odin is no longer.

Can we, then, wonder that even this mighty ruler of Asgard should have had to give one of his eyes in pledge, at Mimir's well, so as to get a draught of wisdom? Perhaps one of those eyes meant the alternating appearance of the sun and the moon. At any rate, the great God of the Sky, with his large cloud-hat and his welkin-speckled mantle, is conceived as one-eyed. It would, therefore, have been better had he been so represented on the title-page of Dr. Hahn's work. The limner, however, has given him two eyes.

The traces of two antagonistic doctrines as to the origin of things are not wanting in the Edda. This, again, ought never to be for-

gotten when an attempt is made to expound the Germanic system of faith. That creed was a compromise—after a fierce and bloody struggle, the details of which are beyond our ken—between the Vana creed and the Asa creed, involving apparently a Neptunistic and a Plutonic theory of cosmogony. In Vedic, Iranian, Babylonian, Hebrew, Greek, Roman, Germanic, and other creation tales, water is generally mentioned as the original element—the generative fluid; or, in enumerating the things that came out of the void, water is at any rate placed first. The sea-god Niörd, and his offspring Freyr and Freyja, were of that Vanic, Neptunistic circle. In consequence of a struggle in which the Asic gods were narrowly victorious, the Vanic Niörd and his children had to be sent as hostages to Asgard. On their part, the Aesir had to give one of their own as a hostage. I believe these traces of contending doctrines of cosmogony could be made interesting even in a popular work.

At all events, we come here once more upon a stumbling block to the mistaken view of those who try to find a cast-iron unity in ancient religions. Even in so lofty a creed as the one which has arisen out of the compromise between the Asic and Vanic doctrine, an outer fringe of animal worship is yet discernible. Odin himself was still called "the Eagle-headed"; and there is more than one instance of animal transfiguration or symbolisation among Germanic deities. Remembering Indian, Egyptian, and Greek cults, as well as the clear traces of animal worship so triumphantly proved by Dr. Schliemann's discoveries, or even the adoration of the brazen serpent so long prevailing in the Jewish Temple, these lingering vestiges of an ancient prehistoric cult have nothing surprising.

Dr. Hahn's manner of giving an account of the Teutonic creed is somewhat different from many points of view I have indicated here. Thus, in an otherwise serviceable appendix in which the mythological names are explained, he says:

"Freyr and Freyja are to be looked upon as a repetition of the Odin conception, caused by the entrance of the Vanic ideas into the circle of the Asic deities. At the same time a division of the Odin idea into a male and a female deity has taken place."

Yet, in interpreting the Vanic name, Dr. Hahn holds it, rightly enough, to be a representation of the flowing element, while the Aesir name is explained by him as a personification of that which is firm and shining. And Dr. Hahn sees, in the war between these two divine circles, symbols of the violent changes created, on the one hand by storm-floods from the sea, and by natural revolutions of the earth on the other. This, though not quite tallying with, at least comes near to, the belief that contending cosmogonic doctrines were involved in the war between Aesir and Vanir.

It has, however, to be borne in mind that there is a distinct record of a Vanic custom of marriage between brother and sister, which, after the triumph of the Asic system, was abolished. In "Oegir's Banquet" (36), Loki's bitter tongue refers to the subject. Perhaps a faint remembrance of that custom may yet be found in what Tacitus says in

chap. xx. of his *Germania*. Of the Bavarian tribe, which in a considerable degree had sprung from Herulian, Rugian, Gothic races that once dwelt on the southern and northern shores of the Baltic where the Vanic cult had flourished, we have historical testimony, down even to the eighth century of our era, of a very characteristic kind. Here is clear evidence of the Vanic circle of deities representing special tribal views in religion or cosmogony, with special marriage customs founded on it—customs which the Asic creed endeavoured to root out, but with which even the Church had to struggle in a particular region a great many centuries later.

As to the ethical ideas gradually symbolised by these various divine figures after their junction in Asgard, I concur with Dr. Werner Hahn that the Germanic stock of old had already a good glimpse of such higher conceptions. Still, there is danger in too much systematising, as if its Pantheon had been planned from a central thought, like a philosophical system. The truth is, it arose, like other religions, in a mixed way. And, so long as it lasted (the fact may even now be gathered from certain features of folklore tales) it bore, however slightly, some traces of those cruder origins or connexions which have been clearly made out for other religions in Mr. Andrew Lang's *Custom and Myth*.

Taking it as a whole, Dr. Hahn's work is adapted to attract a large class of readers who as yet shrink from the more historical and comparative method of treating the subject. In this way his interesting book will do good service by gradually teaching educated men that there is yet a large field of important mythological knowledge involving thoughts about nature, affording food for poetical fancy and material for art which, owing to their merely classical training, they have too long neglected.

KARL BLIND.

#### NEW NOVELS.

*Precautions.* By Lady Margaret Majendie. In 3 vols. (Bentley.)

*A Cruel Enigma.* By Paul Bourget. (Vizetelly.)

*Alexia.* By Eleanor C. Price. (Bentley.)

*In Bad Hands, &c.* By F. W. Robinson. In 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

*A Tale of Madness.* By Julian Cray. (Vizetelly.)

*Who's She?* By Herbert Coglan. (Edinburgh: Paterson.)

*With the Unhanged, &c.* By Richard Dowling. (Sonnenschein.)

In *Precautions*, Lady Margaret Majendie shows no falling off in the special literary power she had shown in her previous works of unravelling the tangled and somewhat trivial skeins of life in "society"; and the ethical purpose it displays is more pronounced. In the life both of Marion Austen and of Kitty Bellingham there is exhibited the happiness that is attained only after traversing the painful road of self-sacrifice. In both cases, perhaps, the self-sacrificing spirit goes too far: Marion gives way too much to the caprices of a singularly unheroic and unlovable father; and Kitty need hardly have dashed into the perilous career of

a nurse, because she found that the husband whom she loved had married her out of pity—or what was interpreted as pity by his sister. Still, as all ends well, this sentimental excess does not appear so much out of place as otherwise it would have done. The chief, if not the sole, fault to be found with *Precautions*, indeed, is that the characters in it are not conventional enough, that they are types rather than human beings of the kind to be found in ordinary life. Thus, Mrs. Brown-Clifford and the Dowager Lady Bellingham are different types of selfish mamma-dom—a fact which alone can excuse Lady Bellingham's becoming a murderer in intent. The Italian Priore and the unfortunate musical genius, Ursel, are intended to place Christian self-command in contrast with artistic passion that has degenerated into a sort of mania. The literary execution of *Precautions* comes quite up to the level of its purpose, and that is not saying little. The comic element—supplied by Miss Brown-Clifford and the cats—might have been spared. It is decidedly overdone.

In one sense M. Paul Bourget's *A Cruel Enigma* is the most realistic of recent French novels; in another sense it is the least realistic. In none is the passion which unites the sexes so stripped, to use the language of M. Bourget's translator, of

"all the adventitious grace, and mysticism, and sentiment with which society is wont to shroud it, and found to consist, in the last resort, of a single and simple fact—the physical fleshly desire of man for woman and of woman for man."

Theresa de Sauve not only commits adultery with four different persons, but the return of her lover to her in the end is worse than any adultery, inasmuch as it means the total debasement of his moral nature, and the total destruction even of her pseudo-ideal of love. And yet there is nothing coarse or suggestive in the story itself. The incident of "the consummation" in Folkestone of the passion between Hubert Liauran and Theresa de Sauve—with the drive by the coast road to Hythe, and the sweet reluctant amorous delay of Theresa's coquettices—is idyllic, very much as the "natural and quite Greek" amours of Haidee and Juan are idyllic. Then M. Bourget is a moralist. He is a remorseless analyst and a thorough-going pessimist because he is a moralist. *A Cruel Enigma*, therefore, leaves no unpleasant taste in the mouth. One pities Theresa; one regrets Hubert's "fall," though the sickly love of his mother and grandmother is evidently as responsible for that as Theresa's passion; and that is all. In *A Cruel Enigma*, moreover, M. Bourget's style, which is superior to that of any of his contemporaries except M. Daudet, is seen at its best. Here and there M. Bourget reminds one of Gustave Flaubert; but in *A Cruel Enigma* there are strains of a higher mood than are reached in *Madame Bovary*. Mr. Cray's translation of this story is so good that only at rare intervals does one become conscious of the fact that it is a translation.

*Alexia* is a thoroughly satisfactory story of a very unambitious kind. It is so satisfactory, perhaps, because it is so unambitious. Charlie Melville, the squire, should have married

Alexia Page in the first chapter; but he marries somebody else, and she very nearly marries somebody else. So a death and a conflagration and what not have to intervene between calf-love and marriage. This is altogether a boy-and-girl story; but it is very agreeably told and very gracefully written. There is not a thoroughly unpleasant character in it; even interfering and too brutally plain-spoken Mrs. Dodd mends, and is taken to Alexia's heart, and gets rid of some of her unreasonable prejudices in the last chapter. Miss (or Mrs.) Price frequently stumbles on, or rather into, happy expressions, such as "a careless refined sort of man."

Mr. Robinson's new three-volume work consists entirely of short stories. Most, if not all, of them have probably first seen the light in the columns of magazines, and it says much for their quality that probably one only should not have been republished. This is "A Stone Bouquet," a tragico-lunatic tale, and not bad of its kind; but then that kind is not Mr. Robinson's. He is most in his element when portraying the heroes and heroines of the bye-streets and lanes of life, with their genuine though gnarled goodness. These volumes are full of sketches of this kind, of which "Dick Watson's Daughter" and "A Prison Flower" may be cited as good examples. In none of Mr. Robinson's larger works does his peculiar humour, "stiffened" as it is with irony, show to a greater advantage than in such stories as "A Big Investment" and "Friends from the Clouds."

The ghastly narrative which Mr. Julian Cray has "edited" undoubtedly supplies evidence of capacity for dealing with the horrible—and in a sufficiently horrible manner. The man with madness in his blood, who nevertheless ventures on the perilous experiment of marriage, is a familiar character in fiction, and so is the woman who, in the same condition, makes a similar experiment. But for a man and a woman, both with madness in their blood, to get married is a novelty; and it is this novelty which Mr. Cray supplies us with when he brings Paul Stafford and Maud Chichester together, only to be separated by death. The "editor" of this book exhibits unquestionable skill in tracing the development of madness in Stafford, and in bringing about the complication towards the close, from which it would seem that Maud Stafford has for a lover the murderer of her own father, while, as a matter of fact, her father has committed suicide, and her seeming lover is only her twin brother. In the two last chapters there is a good deal of overloaded writing—suggestive of a lunatic foaming at the mouth—about "dead! aye, and lying in the foul ground, those grand, soft eyes, which had so often met mine in looks of passion, dropping worm-eaten from their sockets," and the like. But Mr. Cray can, of course, meet this objection by saying that the narrative he "edits" is realistic. So it is, and, on the whole, it is not too repulsive in its realism.

*Who's She?* reads like the result of too much indulgence in shilling sensationalism. Having read much, Mr. Coghlan has felt impelled to write; and so we have such schoolboy vituperation as "I have learned your wild-schemed plot; I have discovered your

fiendish, demon lie! Stand off, you miserable coward, fool; stand off." Mr. Coghlan's plot is of the crudest—we had almost said of the roughest—and his English is not altogether unimpeachable. What, for instance, does he mean by describing the aristocracy as a "sect"? With his fondness for strong loves and hates, however, and his capacity for using strong language of the transpontine order, Mr. Coghlan ought to be able in time to write a rattling story of rustic virtue triumphant over rustic villainy.

Mr. Dowling's little volume of stories—which he has named after the most ambitiously sarcastic, but least satisfactory, of all of them—was well worth publishing, if only as a demonstration that their author is a master of something more than melodramatic incident. There is humour of a kind that Mr. Dowling can hardly be said to have indicated before in "Blood is thicker than Water"; in "Diamonds in Extremis" he proves that his great skill in plot-construction would show to decided advantage in a detective story; and in "Served him Right" he demonstrates with equal clearness that he can treat a social problem both seriously and forcibly, and at the same time keep his powers in reserve. As has been already said, Mr. Dowling is least successful when he is most avowedly satirical. Thus "The Reward of Virtue," which treats of aldermanic weakness, is a trifle too farcical. Altogether, this is one of the best volumes of short stories that have been published during the present year. I know of none that is such a felicitous combination of literary lightness and ethico-social solidity.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

#### SCHOOL BOOKS.

*Passages for Translation into Latin Prose*. By H. Nettleship. (Bell.) Numerous as books of this class have become, we yet think there was room for another, in which the selection should be made by a real scholar, to whom the study of Latin is more than a discipline for youth, and seems a worthy employment for a lifetime. This book is an advanced book: that is to say, not one of its sixty-three passages can be called easy, and some of them, e.g., xi., xxix., liv., lxiii., are extremely difficult. We can fancy even a Hertford scholar knitting his learned brows over translating Lamb's "Tartar fellow eating my friend and adding the cool malignity of mustard and vinegar." But all are interesting and forcible pieces; all, no doubt—for Prof. Nettleship has found it so—possess affinities to good Latin authors. Very few of them (though we must except xxiv.) are hackneyed or usual. But the noteworthy part of the book is the Introduction, in which, besides some useful and sorely needed cautions as to Latin orthography, the professor brings out of his treasure-house three lectures, one on the political and social ideas of the Romans, another on their range of metaphorical expression, the third on the historical development of their prose style. All of these are excellent and interesting reading—the two first especially. Everyone who has tried to write or to teach anything beyond the elements of Latin prose knows by painful experience that grammatical accuracy, and even classical form, may be attained without any real resemblance to the Roman cast of thought or phraseology being achieved. For those struggling with this difficulty, these two lectures are invaluable. The ideas of politics, law, duty, emotion, religion, and the epithets pertaining to them, are here

discriminated with neatness and clearness. In a few pages (1-27) we have a real sketch of the mind and language of a Roman in relation to these subjects. It is concise without being dry. We demur respectfully to the rendering (p. 3) of "reipublicae causa aliquid facere" by "to do anything on political grounds." Is it not rather "on patriotic grounds"? The professor means that, we think; but the word "political" has now got an incurable twist—a politician may be a patriot, but we do not call a patriotic action political. The third lecture, on the historical development of Latin prose style, shows us, in interesting extracts from Cato and Gaius Gracchus, the foundation of the house in which Caesar and Cicero dwelt. Is it true to say (p. 62) that "Tacitus is a great master working with bad tools"? His tools are the Latin language. The fault, if fault there be, lies in his ideal of form. He is, for good and bad, the Browning of Latin prose.

*The Catiline of Sallust.* Edited by B. D. Turner. (Rivingtons.) This little edition is meant for use in the middle forms of schools, and the notes are very well adapted to the needs of boys at that stage. They are tolerably numerous, very simple, and dogmatic. There is no arguing over different interpretations—a thing totally wasted on young boys, if not injurious to them. Mr. Turner is wisely content to tell them what he believes to be the truth, and to give as much help as he can. His notes will very usefully fill up the interval between the *Delectus* and harder authors with harder notes. But the little Introduction needs some revision. In what sense was Pompeius a member of the senatorial order in 73 B.C.? He had never entered the senate through any office at that time. The *tribuni aerarii* should be mentioned as serving on juries along with senators and *equites* after the legislation of B.C. 70. P. Autronius Poetus is confused on p. xi with some Antonius. Mr. Turner is not the first writer on Sallust who has fallen into this error. *Porta Salana* (p. xvii.) is probably a misprint for *Porta Salaria*.

*A Second School Poetry Book.* Compiled by M. A. Woods. (Macmillan.) It is just a year ago since we welcomed the "First School Poetry Book," which Miss Woods, of Clifton, had compiled for the lower forms of high schools for girls. We are not surprised that its success has induced her to publish a similar volume for middle forms, and also to promise yet a third in the future. As before, we find a sound judgment and a catholic taste, the number of selections from American authors other than Longfellow being unusually large. It is probable that not a few girls will here meet with for the first time the names of Bret Harte and (*horresco referens*) Walt Whitman. The choice of longer poems at the end seems to us particularly happy. It includes "The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire," "Goblin Market," and "Poor Matthias"—none of which, for obvious reasons, is it common to find in anthologies. Indeed, we would award Miss Woods unmixed praise, if it were not for a certain inaccuracy of copying, or carelessness in proof-reading, which we noticed likewise in her former volume. Here are two unpardonable blots occurring in poems familiar as household words:

"The gods that wanton in the air  
Know no such liberty" (p. 125).

And

"A voice so thrilling *near* was heard  
In spring-time from the cuckoo bird" (p. 185).

*Questions for Examination in English Literature:* chiefly selected from College Papers set in Cambridge. With an Introduction on the Study of English. By Walter W. Skeat. Second and Revised Edition. (Bell.) It is almost superfluous to recommend these ques-

tions for use in schools, or by those who are preparing for public examinations; but every person who attempts to study systematically any of the earlier periods of English literature ought to procure the book. Of course, the "papers," like most others of an advanced character, contain a good many questions which few even among scholars would be able to answer without preparation; but, with rare exceptions, the questions are remarkably free from anything like pedantry, and relate to points which are really essential to the thorough appreciation of the works to be studied. About half the volume is occupied with questions on Chaucer and Shakspere. There are several papers on Bacon and Milton; the literature of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries receives rather scant measure. Prof. Skeat's introduction is full of valuable advice; but we wish that, in his ample list of books for study, he had in some way distinguished those which are most urgently necessary from those which may be regarded comparatively as mere desirable luxuries. We have observed several misprints, especially in the accents of Anglo-Saxon words.

*First Lessons in Science.* Designed for the use of Children. By the Right Rev. John William Colenso. (Ridgeway.) This volume was not originally "designed for the use of children," but for the use of a class of adult Zulus who were learning to read English. The author had, however, re-written the greater part of it in order to adapt it to the requirements of European children; and Sir George Cox, by whom the work has been edited, considers that it may be "especially useful in our national and provincial schools." We have no doubt the book was well suited for its original purpose, but considered as an ordinary school-book it must be admitted to be unskillfully planned. The first ten pages are written in words of one syllable; but before the hundredth page is reached we find the Bishop talking about "right ascension," "declination," "altitude," and "azimuth"; and before he has filled his 195 pages he has explained Kepler's laws, the methods of calculating the orbits of the planets and the distances of the stars, and the nature of precession and nutation. However, although we cannot recommend the volume for use in class, there is no doubt that teachers will be able to derive from it many useful lessons in the art of lucid and effective illustration; and it may be read with interest and profit by the large number of grown-up persons whose notions of elementary natural science are confused and uncertain. The portion in words of one syllable is a remarkable *tour-de-force*; but, under the ordinary English conditions of education, a child who is old enough to follow the reasoning is not likely to require to be addressed in "little words."

*A Class-book of Physical Geography.* With Examination Questions, Notes, and Index. By William Hughes. New and improved edition, revised by J. Francon Williams. (Philip.) This is, on the whole, an excellent book. The maps, which are new, deserve especial praise for the clearness with which they bring out the essential facts which they are intended to show. The chapter on the geographical distribution of the races of man is scarcely up to date, the classification of Blumenbach being retained, without any indication of its defects, or any reference to the substitutes that have been proposed for it by more recent authorities. In the first chapter we note the curious misstatement that the planet Neptune was first seen at the same time by Adams and Leverrier in 1846.

"Whittaker's Modern German Authors"—*Eine Frage. Idyll zu einem Gemälde seines Freundes Alma-Tadema, erzählt von Georg*

Ebers.

Edited, with Literary Introduction and Notes, by F. Storr. (Bell.) Prof. Ebers's "idyll" of Sicilian-Greek life is not very well suited for use as a school-book, and we do not think quite so highly as Mr. Storr does of its literary merit. The author, as usual, displays more learning than imagination; and his style is even more than usually characterised by the perpetual recurrence of that "esse videtur" cadence which is said to have been Cicero's bugbear. Still the tale is worth reading, and Mr. Storr's notes supply exactly the help that is needed by a reader who has only a moderate knowledge of German. There is a frontispiece copied from the painting of Mr. Alma-Tadema by which the story was suggested.

*A Conversational Grammar of the German Language.* With Comprehensive Reference-Pages for use in Translation and Composition, and Notes on the History and Etymology of German. By Otto Christian Naf. (Rivingtons.) We cannot praise this book. Herr Naf may be a very good teacher of German, and the method adopted in his book may no doubt, as he says, have proved successful in his own lessons. But the arrangement is so peculiar and complicated that we fear other teachers will find it unworkable. Besides this, we have noticed many inaccuracies of detail. It is stated, for instance, that "any verb is regular: (1) if the first or third person singular imperfect ends in -te (no exceptions); (2) if the participle ends in -t (no exceptions)." At this rate *mögen*, *haben*, *denken*, *bringen*—in short all except the "strong" verbs—must be classed as regular. The rules for the gender of nouns are misleading, because the list of exceptions is, in most cases, not even approximately complete. The learner is told that "abstract terms have no plural, if used as abstract terms, as *die Liebe*, love; but some can be used concretely, as *die Lieben*, the loved ones." Does Herr Naf imagine that *der*, *die Liebe*, the loved one, is the same word as *die Liebe*, love? The appendix on the history and etymology of the language shows extreme ignorance of philology; the brief "etymological dictionary" mingles sound derivations taken from Kluge with some wild speculations which are probably quite original.

*A Simplified Method of mastering the Genders of French Nouns.* By Eugène Lesprit. (For the Author.) This is a pamphlet of twenty-seven pages, giving rules for the genders of French nouns, with what seem to be complete lists of exceptions. It is ingeniously arranged, and the student who masters its contents will have a better knowledge of French genders than is possessed by many Frenchmen.

#### NOTES AND NEWS.

MR. P. G. HAMERTON's book for the coming winter season will be *The Saône*: a Summer Voyage, with 148 illustrations by Mr. Joseph Pennell. It was while boating and sketching on the Saône that the author and artist suffered arrest at the hands of *gendarmes* early in the present year.

*William I. and the German Empire* is the title of a biographical and historical work by Mr. G. Barnett Smith, which will be published next month by Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston & Co.

MR. THOMAS KIRKUP has expanded his article on "Socialism" in the recent number of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* into a volume, which will be published by Messrs. Longmans under the title of *An Enquiry into Socialism*.

MESSRS. LONGMANS also announce, as nearly ready for publication, *Educational Ends*; or, *The Idea of Personal Development*, by Miss Sophie Bryant, the first lady who gained the

degree of Doctor of Science from the London University.

MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW & CO. will shortly publish a volume by Mr. A. J. Little, of Shanghai, describing a voyage made up the Upper Yangtze, with a view to studying the question of its navigability by steam beyond Ichang.

THE next volume in the "Badminton Library," to be published in October, will be *Football and Athletics*, written by Mr. Montagu Sharman.

A NEW writer, who is content to be known for the present as "Q," has written a romance entitled *Dead Man's Rock*, which will be published by Messrs. Cassell & Co. in a few days in their Series of popular Adventure Books.

*Under Suspicion*, a novel dealing with Welsh life, by Miss Edith Stowe, is announced for immediate publication by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.

*Vert de Verts, Eton Days, and other Sketches and Memories*, by A. G. Lestrange, is announced by Mr. Elliot Stock for immediate publication.

UNDER the title *Amnon, Prince and Peasant*: a Romantic Idyll of Judea, Mr. Frank Jaffe, assistant master of the Chicksand Street Board School, is about to bring out an English adaptation of Mappo's famous Jewish idyllic and historical work.

MESSRS. I. PITMAN & SONS will publish at the close of September an illustrated edition of *Robinson Crusoe* in phonography, which is being prepared by Mr. J. Herbert Ford, who recently succeeded to the editorship of the *Shorthand Magazine* on the death of the late F. Pitman.

MESSRS. HODDER & STOUGHTON's autumn list includes the following: *The Life of Samuel Morley*, by Edwin Hodder, biographer of the late Earl of Shaftesbury; *Modern Science in Bible Lands*, by Sir J. William Dawson; *The Life of W. Morley Punshon*, by Prof. F. W. Macdonald; *The Ancient World and Christianity*, by E. de Pressensé; *Unfinished Worlds*, by S. H. Parkes, with illustrative diagrams; *History of the Church*, by Prof. George P. Fisher; *The Sower and Virgin*, by Lord Robert Montagu: *Scripture Truths derived from Facts in Nature*, by Henry McCook; and *Tenants of an Old Farm*: Leaves from the Note Book of a Naturalist, by the same author; *The Key Words of the Bible*, by the Rev. A. T. Pierson; *Practical Studies in the Life and Character of St. Peter*, by the Rev. H. A. Birks; *Bible Models*, by Richard Newton; *The Books of the Bible*, by the late Dr. W. P. Mackay; *Albert, the Prince Consort*: a Biography for the People.

MESSRS. HODDER & STOUGHTON also announce the following books for young people: *Wonderful Stories of Daring, Peril and Adventure*, by Dr. Macaulay; *Harry Milvaine*; or, the Wanderings of a Wayward Boy, by Dr. Gordon Stables; *The Willoughby Captains*: a School Story, by Talbot Baines Reed; *More True than Truthful*: a Story, by C. M. Clarke; an illustrated edition of *Stepping Heavenward*, by Mrs. Prentiss, the illustrations printed in monotint; *Eunice*: a Story, by the author of "Christie Redfern"; *A Son of the Morning*, by Sarah Doudney; *Sukie's Boy*, by Sarah Tytler; *The Boy without a Name*, by W. M. Thayer; *The Sunday Book of Story and Parable*, with numerous illustrations; *Candalaria*: a Heroine of the Wild West, by the author of "Our Honolulu Boys"; and *Cost What It May*, by Mrs. E. E. Hornibrook.

AN edition of 50,000 of the Presidential Address of Mr. G. J. Holyoake at the Carlisle Co-operative Congress has been issued by the Manchester Co-operative Board, of which 30,000 were sold in a short time.

THE New York *Nation* has given two reviews

(August 18 and 25) to the third part of the *New English Dictionary*. While not sparing in criticism of details, the reviewer concludes as follows:

"There is not a page, nor even a single column, which will not correct the errors or add to the knowledge of all of us. As the work advances and covers a larger portion of the alphabet, its merits will be recognised by larger and larger numbers. But it has already gone far enough to show that it is a work upon which every member of the English race can rely with confidence, and of which he can speak with just pride; and, furthermore, it has already gone far enough to enrol the name of its editor-in-chief among the scholars whom English literature will always be delighted to honour."

*Correction*.—Mr. Warren's letter on "The Evangelistarium of St. Margaret," in the last number of the ACADEMY, was unfortunately printed from an uncorrected proof. Among other errata, for "lectures" read "lections"; for "Names" read "Neumes"; for "Fes. *passim*" read "Fer.;" omit the second dagger (†).

#### MESSRS. SONNENSCHEIN'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

**THEOLOGY.**—*Lenient Sermons*, preached at S. Agnes', Kennington, in 1887, by Canon Luckock, Canon Scott-Holland, the Rev. H. C. Shuttleworth, &c., edited by the Rev. T. Birkett Dover; *Cathedral Sermons*, by Canon Jelf; *The Teaching of the Prayer-Book for the Children of the Church*, by the Rev. E. T. Stevens; and *The Science of Religions*, by Emile Bourouf, translated by J. Liebe.

**Science.**—*The Microscope*, edited from the work of Profs. Naegeli and Schwendener, by Dr. Frank Crisp and J. Mayall, jun., with about 300 woodcuts; *Animal Biology*, by Adam Sedgwick, illustrated; *The Farmer's Friends and Foes*, by Theodore Wood; *Poultry*, a Manual for Breeders and Exhibitors, by Ralph O. Edwards, illustrated. In the "Young Collector" series: *British Fishes and Mammalia*, by F. A. Skuse; *Reptiles*, by Catherine Hopley; *Ants and Bees*, by W. Harcourt Bath; and *Silkworms*, by E. A. Butler. *Digestion: Perfect and Imperfect*, by Dr. A. E. Bridger; *The Theory of Harmony*, by Moritz Hauptmann, translated and edited by W. Heathcote, assisted by H. Keatley Moore; *A Catechism of Psychology*, by F. Kirchner, translated and edited by E. Drought; and *A Criticism of the Kantian Philosophy*, by Prof. Kuno Fischer, translated by Dr. W. S. Hough.

**History and Biography, and Travel and Adventure.**—*Russia: Political and Social*, by L. Tikhomirov, translated by Edward Aveling; *The Russian Peasantry*, by Stepnjak, in 2 vols.; *Pepys and the World he Lived In*, by H. B. Wheatley; *The Life of Samuel Johnson*, together with a Journal of a Tour in the Hebrides, by Boswell, edited, with notes, by Percy Fitzgerald, in 3 vols.; *Memoirs in the Reign of Louis XIV. and the Regency*, by the Due St. Simon, translated by Bayle St. John, in 3 vols.; *Louise de Keroualle, Duchess of Portsmouth*, compiled from State Papers by H. Forneron, with portraits, &c., translated by Mrs. Crawford; *The Solomon Islands and their Natives*, by H. B. Guppy, illustrated; *The Geology and Physical Characteristics of the Solomon Islands*, with maps, by H. B. Guppy; *Bayreuth and Franconian Switzerland*, by R. Milner Barry, illustrated; and *Life in the Cut*, by Amos Reade.

**Educational Works.**—*The History of Pedagogy*: a New History of Educational Theories, by Gabriel Compayré, translated, with introduction, notes, and index, by Prof. W. H. Payne; *The Principles of Philology*, edited from the German of Prof. Paul by Prof. H. A. Strong. In "The Parallel Grammar Series," edited by

Prof. E. A. Sonnenschein: *Latin*, by Prof. Sonnenschein; *French*, by Prof. Moriarty; and *German*, by Prof. Kuno Meyer. *The N.-G.-A. Latin Primer*, by G. Stewart Levack; *A School Arithmetic*, by G. H. Bateson-Wright; *A Primer of German Literature*, by Isabella H. Lublin; *Health Maps for Instruction in Gymnastics*, by Anna Leffler-Arnim; *Volapuk*; or, the Universal Language, by Prof. Kirchhoff; *A Child's History of the English People*, by Amy Baker, in 4 vols.; and *Croesus Minor: Essays on Education*, by Austen Pember.

**Social and Political.**—*English Associations of Working Men*, by Dr. Baernreither, translated by Alice Taylor, in 2 vols.; *The Redemption of Labour*, by Cecil B. Phipson, with statistical diagrams in colours, in 2 vols.; *Liberty and Law*, by George Lacy; *Essays: Literary and Social*, by H. S. Salt; and *London Government*, by J. F. B. Firth (new volume of the "Imperial Parliament" Series).

**Poetry and Fine Art.**—*Through the Wordsworth Country*, by Prof. William Knight, with fifty-six etchings of Lake Scenery by Harry Goodwin, printed on Japanese paper; *The Legend of Saint Jucundus*: twenty-nine etchings by George Hodgson, with verse by Edith Wallis Robinson; *Anecdotes of Painting in England*, with some Account of the Principal Artists, by Horace Walpole, a new edition, revised by Ralph N. Worms, in 3 vols., with eighty engraved portraits; *Women must Weep*, a volume of ballads and occasional verse, by Prof. Harold Williams; and *Architectural Styles*, by Ernest Radford.

**Novels.**—*No Quarter*, by the late Capt. Mayne Reid; *Ireland's Dream*, by Capt. Lyon; *Nadia*; or, *Out of the Beaten Track*, translated from the Russian of Orloffsky by the Baroness Langenau; *Philip Alwyne*, by Jessie K. Sikes; *A Nest on the Hill*, by J. F. Higgins; *St. Bernards*: the Romance of a Medical Student, by Aesculapius Scalpel; *A Swallow's Wing*, by Charles Hannan; *Caught by the Tide*, by A. L. Garland; *'Twixt Love and Sport*, by G. F. Underhill; *Blood!* by W. De Lisle Hay; *Lucy Carter*, by T. Cobb; *Gilbert Freethorne's Heritage*, by W. Erskine; *Queer Stories from "Truth,"* vol. v.; *Doonan*, by M. E. Granger; *Jonathan*, by M. Fraser-Tytler; *Alma*, by Emma Marshall; and *The Sport of Circumstances*, by Louis E. Armstrong.

**Gift-Books.**—*Indian Fables*, by P. V. Rama-swami Raja; *From Deacon to Churchwarden*, by Dr. J. W. Kirton; *Kintail Place*, by the author of "Dorothy," illustrated edition; *Adventures of a Monkey*, by the author of "Moravian Life in the Black Forest," &c.; and *Mace's Fairy Tales*, translated by Caroline Genn.

#### AN UNPUBLISHED SONNET BY JUSTICE TALFOURD.

THE following sonnet has, we believe, never before been printed. The original is preserved among a large collection of autograph letters, &c., at Goodrich Court.

**SONNET TO LORD DENMAN RETIRING FROM THE OFFICE OF LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND.**  
THERE is a rapture in the great "All Hail!"  
With which a nation blesses thy repose  
Which proves thy image deathless; that the close  
Of man's extremest age whose boyhood glows  
While pondering o'er thy lineaments shall fail  
To delegate to cold historic tale  
What Denman was; for dignity that rose  
Not through the forms of "compliment extern,"  
But from the generous spirit's purest urn  
Sprung vital; justice shrin'd from wintry flaw  
By beautiful regards, and thoughts that burn  
With noblest ire, within the soul shall draw  
No form but thine, when distant times would  
learn  
The embodied majesty of England's Law.

T. N. TALFOURD.

## OBITUARY.

## COUNT GOZZADINI.

THERE died at his Villa of Ronzano, in the Bolognese, on August 26, Senator Count Giovanni Gozzadini; and perhaps you may like to receive a short notice of his highly distinguished career from one of his old acquaintances, who corresponded with him almost to the last.

Count Gozzadini was born at Bologna, in 1810, of a patrician family whose name is well known in England. Having ideas of his own, he passed his earlier youth in the practice of weapons. He was a first-rate fencer, and he made a valuable collection of arms. At the age of eighteen he was almost destitute of what is called education, when certain fair cousins took him in hand and worked a complete conversion. He began to lead the ascetic and almost hermit life of a professed student. His father's fine library supplied him with all the necessaries. He passed months and years in muniment rooms and public libraries, working constantly at paleography; and he studied archaeology under the celebrated Schiassi. About this time the discoveries of M. Boucher de Perthes came, like a "thunderbolt from the blue," upon the scientific world to open that vast question, the "Antiquity of Man." Gozzadini at once ranged himself among his disciples; and thus he was, until last week, one of the first who accepted without reserve the new theories of the master. In 1844 he was lucky enough to discover upon his estate of Villa Nuova an ancient sepulchre, which he at once pronounced to be Etruscan. He excavated it with his own hands, made a careful collection of its contents; and despite adverse criticism, which lasted for some nineteen years, his views were at last universally accepted, chiefly through the favourable recognition of the well-known Prof. Conestabile.

The first book that he published was *La Vita di Armanciotto de' Ramazzotti*, a renowned *confidante* of the fifteenth century. It was received with high favour; but the author soon abandoned lighter literature and betook himself exclusively to archaeology. He lost no opportunity of exploring the Emilia and in encouraging others to explore for remains of the Northern Etruscans; and he took a leading part in establishing the Museo Civico of his native city—unique of its kind, and the admiration of all savans. On the occasion of the International Congress of Anthropology and Prehistoric Archaeology held at Bologna in 1871 he was chosen president, and his opening address contained a valuable *résumé* of antiquarian study in Italy. He also directed the first national exhibition of prehistoric objects, after which Victor Emanuel conferred upon him the large gold medal inscribed, "Al Conte Senatore Giovanni Gozzadini per molte prove di peregrina erudizione." His merits were acknowledged in the most flattering way by the governments of Germany, France, and Denmark, and the illustrious Desor declared him to be "the type of his age."

Count Gozzadini's works are unfortunately scattered in a long succession of pamphlets and booklets, which are, of all things, the most troublesome to a collector. Again and again I suggested to him the advisability of reprinting them in a series of volumes, so that they might find their way into the hands of students; but he had a will of his own, and always gave the best reasons for not doing so. I am, however, in hopes that his native city (Bologna) will see the propriety of producing a *corpus* of his valuable labours. I have noticed a few of them in my work on *Etruscan Bologna*, and did my best to render homage to his talents, as I do now to the memory of this illustrious Italian.—R. I. P.

RICHARD F. BURTON.

## MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE *Expositor* for September has one charming article and nowhere fails to stimulate thought. A sound and yet popular paper on Amos leads the way, from the pen of Prof. A. B. Davidson. Mr. Page examines a crucial point in the Synoptic Gospel texts, tending to show that the hypothesis of a purely oral tradition has been too hastily acquiesced in among ourselves. Mr. G. A. Simcox gives suggestions of much freshness and individuality on the origin of the Christian ministry. "E." is severe upon Prof. Friedrich Delitzsch's Assyrian Dictionary; but in his catalogue of the author's drawbacks builds a little too much on Nöldeke's article on the author's recent *Prolegomena*. "E." statements are here and there somewhat too incisive and unqualified, however well founded they may unfortunately be, on the faultiness of Dr. Delitzsch's copies from the texts. Dr. Marcus Dods notices recent English books on the New Testament, and Dr. MacLaren and Dean Chadwick contribute good popular elucidations of New Testament passages. But the charming article is the veteran Dr. David Brown's Reminiscences of Edward Irving, from the years 1827-1832.

THE *Theologisch Tijdschrift* for the present month concludes Dr. van Manen's article on Marcion's Epistle of Paul to the Galatians. The author appends the text of the epistle as Marcion may have read it. Dr. de Ridder introduces, with much appreciation, vol. i. of Jülicher's valuable work on the Parables. Dr. Kuenen notices recent works—some of them English—on the Old Testament.

## SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

## GENERAL LITERATURE.

FLAMINJ, G. S. G. Stazione preistorica sul Monte del Castellaccio presso Imola. Turia: Loescher. 30 fr. GROS, Jules. Voyages, aventure et captivité de J. Bonnat chez les Achantis. Paris: Plon. 4 fr.

## HISTORY, ETC.

CORRESPONDANCE inédite du roi Stanislas-Auguste Poniatowski et Madame Geoffrin (1764-1777). Paris: Plon. 8 fr.

EREMISCH, H. Das sächsische Bergrecht d. Mittelalters. Leipzig: Giesecke. 9 M. 60 Pf.

LEHMANN, P. v. Die Thaler u. kleinernen Münzen v. Fräulein Maria v. Jever. Jever: Metzcker. 3 M.

MIKLOSICH, F., et J. MÜLLER. Acta et diplomata graeca medii aevi sacra et profana. Vol. V. Acta et diplomata monasteriorum et ecclesiarum orientis. T. II. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. 14 M.

PRIEBRAM, A. F. Die Berichte d. kais. Gesandten Franz v. Lisola aus den J. 1655-1660. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. 6 M.

## PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

BACHMANN, J. Das Leben u. die Sentenzen d. Philosophen Secundus d. Schweigmann. Nach dem Athiop. u. Arab. Berlin: Mayer & Müller. 2 M.

DEWITZ, H. Westafrikanische Tagsschmetterlinge. Westafrikanische Nymphaeiden. Leipzig: Engelmann. 2 M.

HOFER, B. Untersuchungen üb. den Bau Speicheldrüsen u. den dazu gehörigen Nervenapparates v. Blatta. Leipzig: Engelmann. 5 M.

SIMONKAI, L. Enumeratio Florae transsilvanicae vesiculosae critica. Budapest: Kilián. 14 M.

SOMMER, R. Locke's Verhältnis zu Descartes. Berlin: Mayer & Müller. 1 M. 60 Pf.

## PHILOLOGY.

ROHDE, D. Adiectivum quo ordine apud Sallustium coniunctum sit cum substantivo. Hamburg: Herold. 2 M. 50 Pf.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## "ON TEACHING ENGLISH."

Aberdeen: Aug. 31, 1887.

The notice in the ACADEMY of August 27 of my two recent books, entitled *Teaching English* and *English Composition and Rhetoric*, Part I., is so disparaging that I must crave the liberty accorded in your columns to aggrieved authors of making some remarks in justification of my position.

If an author were at liberty to dictate to his

critic, I would say, on this occasion, that of the two books named and given at the head of the notice, the reviewer would have done better to choose the more important one; I mean the revised *Rhetoric*, on which he does not spend a single word. The labour I have bestowed on this volume is at least ten times what the other cost, and I value it accordingly. The reviewer must be assumed to deal with it vicariously, through the hasty snatches of attention bestowed on the other.

The main quarrel between Mr. Barnett and myself relates to how English should be taught. I have argued the point at some considerable length in the smaller volume; and I think that these arguments should be met, unless, indeed, they are worthless, which, however, should first be shown by some better examples than those in the article.

The chief complaint of the reviewer is that I do not take a sufficiently wide view of the province of the English teacher. In fact, I narrow it to the vulgar, grovelling, and utilitarian view to which Locke gave expression when he said that "of speaking one's own language well, and being a master of it, let a man's calling be what it will, it cannot but be worth our while taking some pains in it." Now, while interfering with no man's liberty to take a much wider view, I say this is enough for me. If I were to succeed as I wish in this narrow domain, I should be perfectly happy. But whether the narrow or the wide view is the correct one, is scarcely a matter for argument. To the reviewer, the knowledge of English "primarily means the knowledge and understanding of the great Englishmen who have recorded in our tongue the impressions made on themselves by the universe that is, feels, knows." The writer has my full permission to call my view wretched and grovelling, if he will allow me in return to suggest whether, for the teacher's purpose, his view is not somewhat vague, not to say bombastic.

But it is not my purpose to analyse (the reviewer detests analysis) the terms of his high-sounding definition. Indeed, in order to do so, I should want more specific information in detail of the machinery for working out the design. I am more concerned to reply to his criticisms upon my working out of my narrower view.

Of course, when he says that grammatical and other commentaries are helpful to "get to the heart of the writer's mystery, and to make us see the things he makes somewhat as he saw them," I should agree with him, if I considered it my duty as an English teacher to explain an author's view of the universe. There are classes where this is a proper subject, and I have had to do a good deal at it in my time. I merely say that, when I was doing this, I was not teaching English, in my view of it.

But now comes the serious charge, and the one that I feel most interested in rebutting. Your reviewer is not the first critic that has stigmatised my work for disrespect to Bacon; and, in particular, for saying that Arthur Help's essay on "Business" is an improvement on Bacon's handling of the subject. Now it would take a greater reputation than mine to survive, unscathed, the allegation of slighting Bacon: the English public is, I am aware, peculiarly sensitive on the point. I must, therefore, ask a little space to give my whole case. The reader would not infer from the article, that I guard myself with the following observation as to the Essays:

"The quantity of strong sense compressed into a narrow compass, the pith and brilliancy of the language, and the fame of the author, have made these essays an English classic of the first rank. But the question before us is—How far is the work fitted to be a text-book in the instruction of youth?"

Accordingly, I submit the Essays to a minute examination, with a view of settling the point; and I would simply have referred the reader to the chapter where this is done, but that the apparent drift of the reviewer is to prevent people from looking into the book for themselves. I will, therefore, trespass still farther on your indulgence, and briefly state the two most formidable objections to the use of the Essays as a school-book. The one is their desultory character. Let us suppose in the programme of a school, the teaching of the Essays was announced thus: Monday, "Truth"; Tuesday, "Death"; Wednesday, "Unity in Religion"; Thursday, "Revenge"; Friday, "Adversity"; and so on. The reviewer would call this good teaching. I differ from him. There is an age when being desultory is no great objection; but I contend that when pupils reach fourteen or fifteen, whatever knowledge is given them should be consecutive and sustained. In this view, comment on the above programme is needless.

But even more serious is the other objection—namely, the gross unsuitability of many of the subjects for teaching in any form, at the age supposed. I cannot afford to spend many illustrations on this point. I will take one or two of the extreme cases. I have cited the essay on "Judicature," as, to my mind, the most masterly of the whole, both in substance and in expression. Well, but what does it treat of? Why this: the behaviour of a judge on the bench in all the relationships of his high office—towards the litigants, the counsel, the officials of the court, and so on. Now, is there any conceivable propriety in preparing a class of young boys or girls, for becoming judges?

Another case. It has pleased the Civil Service Commissioners to include the Essays among competitive subjects for the service. For reasons that I have given, this is a worse abuse than taking them up at school, where the teacher has a free hand. My only remark on this choice is, let the Commissioners dread the day when a satirist finds in their papers this question from the essay on "Gardens"—namely, how to lay out thirty acres of pleasure grounds!

I cannot help feeling some surprise that, after eight generations have perused these Essays, and, we might suppose, appropriated the matter, there should still be something left for the ninth to extract from them. Surely Bacon must have expressed himself very badly if his meaning has not been fully taken up and embodied by others before now. However, it is only the Essays that possess the character of the magician's bottle. The Inductive Logic and the Natural History are, by general admission, superseded. Why, then, I ask, may not Helps, founding upon Bacon, and adopting subsequent suggestions and experience, be allowed to have superseded the essay on "Business," without disparagement to Bacon's genius?

It is more to my purpose to deal with the reviewer's correction of my handling of the opening sentence of the essay on "Truth." Protesting that I do not consider the Elizabethan writers the best suited for instruction in style, I still endeavour to point out ways of employing them for this end. One such way is to illustrate delicacy in the use of synonymous, in which they were apt to be careless. Thus, on the opening of the essay on "Truth"—"What is truth, said jesting Pilate. And would not stay for an answer." I remark that "said" should be "asked" when putting a question, and "and" should be "but." Here the reviewer pretends to know Bacon's own mind when he wrote, and declares confidently that he avoided "asked" and preferred "said," because there was only the *form* of a question, and not the reality. Now, if we had to deal

with a careful writer of the present day, we might give him credit for such delicacy; but I would not do the same for any Elizabethan. Moreover, the point is still a debatable one—namely, when we use a question merely as a figure of speech, is not the word "ask" still admissible, nay, even preferable? Would it then be an error to employ it? I do not think so; but, whether or not, the raising of the doubt, only adds to the use to be made of the instance as a lesson. Remember that what we have in view is not to be dogmatic ourselves, but to call into play the judgment of our pupils; and this can be still farther effected by opening up as a new point, whether a question in *form* is or is not supposed to be *asked*. One presumption against the reviewer's decision is found in the phrase—"would not stay for an answer"; which looks as if an answer would have followed but for Pilate's impatience. Proceeding, however, upon the doubt, we should bring up for discussion—What is the end of putting a question that did not mean a question? This carries us to Interrogation as a figure of speech, and to its uses in that capacity. These uses are various. The one applicable to this case is rousing the attention on first naming a subject for discussion. We then enquire—Has it that effect here, or would anything have been lost by stating the subject without the figure? Does Bacon employ the same device in any other essay? If not, what is there special in Truth as a subject to render it proper?

I now pass to still more serious matters. The reviewer charges me with passing beyond my own scheme of "teaching English," by pronouncing literary judgments, where my authority can have no special weight, and where most people will differ from me. In other words, I am setting up my own judgments on literary works against the general current of the best critics. The allegation is utterly unfounded. I have had in view, in carrying on my work, the critical opinions of all the men that have obtained authority as critics; and, unless I could reconcile my conclusions in the main to those that have received the stamp of ages, I would abandon the whole enterprise. My position is simply this: that I take up the thread of rhetorical teaching, as begun among the Greeks, and continued, with occasional intermission, to our time. I explain the principles that have been worked out on the subject, and show their application to cases. As all literary productions have been subjected to the intuitive non-reasoning criticism, upon which, indeed, most of our current judgments are founded, it is interesting to compare the results of the two methods; for, unless they support one another, something must be wrong. The difference between judgments founded on the carrying out of principles and judgments by the unassisted ear, so to speak, ought not to be greater than the allowed difference between one intuitive critic and another. Now, this is the whole amount of peculiarity in my literary judgments. It is the full length that I would ever venture to go, however knowing I might become in rhetorical science.

Your critic, however, has his own views as to my presumption; and he exposes them by a couple of extracts from the detailed examination of Shelley's "Skylark." He gives no reasons, but trusts to self-evident absurdity; and follows up by saying "the further criticisms are equally unhappy," that is, in his opinion.

It puzzles me to know what my reviewer actually expects to settle by these two quotations, referring to two stanzas of the poem. He should have told me whether these were good representative specimens of the work, or whether he considered them to be the best or the worst examples. I have no doubt he

selected what appeared to him, at a rapid glance, most vulnerable; and he says, or else insinuates, that all the rest are equally bad. I do not quite appreciate the justice of this mode of dealing. The work before him is principally occupied with lessons on the qualities of style, upon a series of passages selected from many writers, including Macaulay, Carlyle, Byron, Gray, Coleridge, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Campbell. They occupy 156 pages. How is a fair-minded critic to grapple with this? Is the production of half a page from any one lesson decisive of all the rest? There may very reasonably be a great variety in the merits of the treatment, without the whole being utterly worthless. What a critic might do, would be to remark on the method, as propounded and explained by the author, and then, on his own responsibility, to give a general opinion upon it. I defy him, in the limits of a short article, to back up this judgment with quotations sufficient to establish such an opinion, or to give it even a decent amount of probability.

I wish I could here quote at length a most valuable extract from Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria*, in which he describes the method of teaching followed by his master at Christ's Hospital, James Bowyer, and the good effect it had on his subsequent work. I may say, however, that it was the carrying out, with remorseless vigour, the line-by-line, and word-by-word criticism, which I exemplify in those lessons. The following sentence is merely one part of his method:—"He showed no mercy to phrase, metaphor, or image, unsupported by sound sense, or where the same sense might have been conveyed with equal force and dignity in plainer words." I could also quote Coleridge himself to the same effect. For example,

"The line—

"And reddening, Phoebus lifts his golden fire,  
has indeed, almost as many faults as words.  
But then, it is a bad line, not because the language is distinct from that of prose, but because it conveys incongruous images, because it confounds the cause and the effect, the real thing with the personified representation," &c.

Our great critics occasionally remit their grand style of sweeping criticism by condescending to analyse single lines; and it is felt by us as most refreshing. It is through word-by-word criticism that every writer corrects, polishes, refines his composition. The rhetorical master has nothing to do with the stream of invention. He comes in at the "blotting" stage.

In a somewhat confused paragraph at the close, the reviewer continues his disparagement by a series of mis-statements. What can he mean by this—every lesson in my books can be learned from the daily newspapers? That is to say, because the errors that I comment upon may be found in the daily newspapers, therefore, any one can find them there; in short, there is no need of a teacher in the case.

More remarkable still is the use made of Macaulay's name to spin out a few more damaging insinuations. Macaulay, it seems, "was made by such a knowledge of, and memory for, a large range of English classics as few men can hope to have." So far, good. But what follows? He was not taught English on Dr. Bain's method. "He was not satisfied on a diet of elegant extracts." The *inuendo* here is such a gross perversion of facts that I must claim one other paragraph in self-justification. The meaning must be (or there is no meaning) that I set up the analysis of extracts as a rival method to copious reading of classical authors. I can meet this at once by referring to the opening paragraph of my *Rhetoric*, published in 1866. The substance is repeated in a more quotable form in the work on *Education as a Science*:

"The whole gist of rhetorical teaching, as thus

viewed, is to awaken the minds of the pupils to the sense of good and evil in composition. This I take to be the prime requisite. For, although in order to write well, a command of expression is even more necessary than the power to judge of good writing; yet, the teacher can do but little for the one, and can do a great deal for the other. Affluence of language is the fruit of years; very many of the niceties and delicacies of composition may be made apparent in a six months' course."

Of course, it was no part of the reviewer's duty to be acquainted with either of those books. His eye might, however, have caught, in the present work, a title in small capitals—*WHAT THINGS TO OMIT*—where the utility of an English teacher is reduced to its lowest terms; certain circumstances, of quite possible occurrence, being mentioned where he could be wholly dispensed with.

In regard to Macaulay, in particular, I will risk the farther remark that if he had been under Bowyer for two years, while the genius and affluence of his language would have suffered no diminution, much less would have now been heard of his mannerisms.

The reviewer candidly deplores the uninspiring character of most of the recent school editions of the English Classics, but commends to my notice Mr. Beeching's *Julius Caesar* as an exception. I happen to be already acquainted with the work. It appears to be an excellent commentary on all matters needing explanation. Its chief characteristic lies in propounding, as an educational discipline, the dramatic proprieties of the play. Now, this is a department of English standing quite apart; it neither supersedes, nor interferes with, my writings. On the contrary, I should say that all that I have done and propose to do would be a needless introduction to such an attempt. How far the language and demeanour dramatically suited to Julius Caesar, on the eve of his assassination, is fitting to be submitted as an exercise of judgment to boys and girls of fifteen is a point whereon opinions will differ.

Finally, I commend to our profession the following words of Coleridge:

"From causes which this is not the place to investigate, no model of past times, however perfect, can have the same vivid effect on the youthful mind as the productions of contemporary genius."

To this the universal chorus of pupils will shout, "Amen."

A. BAIN.

#### THE NAME OF "OXFORD."

Clevedon: Sept. 5, 1887.

Mr. Henry Bradley says (ACADEMY, September 3, 1887, p. 151) that "on questions of philology," most of my arguments appear to him absolutely unmeaning, as, he continues, no doubt, his do to me. This being the case, we had each better limit our ambition to our several chances of having been understood by the remaining majority of your readers, an allotment in which I readily accept my part.

Another of Mr. Bradley's propositions, however, I do not accept: that Oxford, already containing three churches of Celtic dedication, started again, as "a hamlet," with—as Mr. Bradley considers—a Teutonic name. Any "documentary evidence" of this would be self-convicted, even though it should include a paradigm of an Anglo-Saxon grammar. Indeed, we seem here to have another example of the conflicts of philological certainties with actual facts, which I dwelt upon in my former letter.

I presume to revert, from Mr. Bradley's speculations about "Ebura," &c., to what I had said already (ACADEMY, August 27, p. 135). Mr. Bradley might have told us whence he got his Celtic "Eburicon"; but he need not now take the trouble to do so.

I hope the next editor of Leland may be as literally exact as Thomas Hearne.

THOMAS KERSLAKE.

Sheffield: Sept. 1, 1887.

I have noticed lately that doubts have been thrown upon the generally accepted derivation of Oxford from "ford of oxen," and I see that Mr. Kerslake has returned to the subject in the ACADEMY of August 27.

I have just met with a similar local name in a survey of the estates of the Earl of Arundel in and near Sheffield, made in the year 1637. The name occurs in the following sentence:

"Item another intacke called *Cowforthe holme* (wood and arable) lying between Loxley water north-east and Stannington wood south and west."

Now *holm* is a meadow by the side of a river, a level meadow, a river meadow, or, according to the *Prompt. Parvulorum*, a "place besydone a watur"; and apart from this the context renders it clear that this is "Cow-ford," ford for cows. Exactly in the same way Oxford is "ford for oxen"; and this derivation, I need hardly say, is fully supported by ancient spellings of the name.

It seems to me that the Latinised form *Oxonia* is a barbarism from the word "oxen," and ought rather to have been *Oxenia* or *Oxnia*. I can never forgive Anthony Wood for writing *Oxon* for Oxford, as he persistently does. His *Oxon* cannot have been undergraduate slang for *Oxna-ford* or *Oxen-ford*.

S. O. ADDY.

London: Sept. 2, 1887.

Permit me to appear in support of the Celtic contention for the place-name "Oxford."

It is stated by Mr. Bradley (ACADEMY, September 3) that it is always written "Oxna," or "Oxena," in the earliest documents. I do not find this statement correct. We have, for instance, on Alfred's coinage, "Orsnaforda," with numerous variants in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, and in charters; e.g., "Oxana," "Oxone." Comparing these with the later "Oxna," "Oxena," I deduce a form like "Uxona," well known in river names. Compare "Uxa-conium," somewhere near Wellington, Salop; "Axona," now the Aisne, in France. All these forms will support Ock, Welsh *uch*, for the upper river; that is one that flows into another—a tributary.

Then, as to the hypothetical "Isis," compare the Isara, or Oise, which receives the Aisne, Welsh *is* "low," our English *Ouse*; this is substantially Leland's view. We have in Merionethshire such forms as Isafon, Uwchafon; and we do not know from what point of view the Britons regarded Oxford, with reference to a topographical aspect.

A. HALL.

#### "COLLATION OF FOUR IMPORTANT MANUSCRIPTS."

Boissort, près Luzech (Lot): Sept. 4, 1887.

I accept with pleasure the explanation given by Dr. Ceriani in the ACADEMY of August 20, p. 121.

Printed texts frequently disagree with the MSS. in many peculiarities, as everyone who has acquired some experience knows. The edition of the *Four Important Manuscripts* is not an exception to the rule, *at least in the niceties constituting punctuation and orthography*. For this reason I paid great attention to what I was told by Dr. Ceriani, or to what I read in his copy of Scrivener's *Introduction*. My mind was so struck by that declaration that, in writing my essay, I did not probably attend to, or even remember, what I had read in the work of Farrar and Abbott on the same subject.

Assuredly I had no intention of accusing Dr. Abbott of falsehood or of shameful negligence, and I am sorry that my words have been, or may be, construed in that sense.

ABBÉ MARTIN.

#### "INITIALS AND PSEUDONYMS."

New York: August 25, 1887.

Mr. Ralph Thomas seems to be under the impression that if a person compiles a dictionary he must give credit to all his predecessors for every word contained in that dictionary. Mr. Thomas's book is now difficult to obtain—at least in the United States—and, instead of being a *Handbook of Fictitious Names*, it is to a great extent a compilation of literary plagiarisms. Had Mr. Cushing inserted my list of pseudonyms employed by Voltaire as I handed it to him, then Mr. Thomas would have discovered that I had included many names which are not in Quérard. But the whole thing seems to amount to just this: Mr. Thomas was evidently preparing a new edition of his *Handbook*, and because two Americans "got ahead of him," as the phrase goes, he stops the sale of a valuable book of reference.

As regards the work issued by Messrs. Halkett and Laing, Mr. Thomas knows very well that he has misrepresented the facts. This book is arranged by titles; and nobody can find anything in it unless he happens to know precisely how the title of the book is worded.

ALBERT R. FREY.

#### SCIENCE.

##### THE LANGUAGE OF THE SLOVAK GYPSIES.

*Die Mundart der slowakischen Zigeuner.* Von Dr. Rudolf von Sowa. (Göttingen: VANDERHOECK.)

SINCE William Marsden published his *Observations on the Language of the Gypsies*, in 1784, not one English philologist of mark has paid any attention to the Romani language except Mr. Beames, and his work is a sealed one to all but orientalists. The field has been left clear to a few linguists like Borrow and Prof. Palmer, and such dilettanti as Col. Harriot, Mr. Leland, Messrs. Bath-Smart and Crofton, and myself.

Prof. Max Müller, the head of our English school of comparative philology, dismissed Romani in a sentence as "most degraded in its grammar, and with a dictionary stolen from all the countries through which the Zincali passed;" and no one has ventured to challenge his dictum. Indeed, theories as to the Gypsies rank in Great Britain with pyramid, theosophistic, and Anglo-Israel crazes. On the Continent, however, Profs. Pott, Benfey, Ascoli, Friedrich Müller, Miklosich, and De Goeje have, between 1844 and 1880, published hundreds on hundreds of pages regarding the language and the wanderings of the Gypsies; and their investigations go far to show that Romani is the most purely inflectional language surviving in Europe, while its borrowings have been relatively few, compared with those of (say) English. And that the subject is not deemed wholly exhausted may be inferred from the publication of the present work at the cost of the Vienna Academy of Sciences. It is founded on nineteen Romani *Märchen* collected by Dr. Von Sowa, at Teplice, in 1884-85; and of its 194 pages 160 are devoted to a grammar of the Slovak-Romani dialect, sixteen to the text of nine of those *Märchen*. It is a pity that more

space was not given to the latter, and less to the grammar; for some of this is a mere repetition of what has been given better by others, and Dr. von Sowa has failed in several important points to grasp the genius of the Romani language. Thus, his statement is utterly misleading as to the perfect—that it is formed by adding *-jom*, *-jal*, *-jas*, &c., to the past participle. This explains nothing; whereas it is perfectly certain that *gilóm* "I went," the perfect of *jáu* "I go," is a compound of *geiló* "gone," and *hom* "I am," thus equalling "gone am I." In the same way the pluperfect is a compound of the past participle and *homás* "I was." But what one really wants now, in future works on any of the Romani dialects, is not a complete grammar or vocabulary, but an indication of the inflections and words that distinguish it from the other dialects.

Perhaps the most valuable portion of Dr. von Sowa's grammar is his analysis of the vocabulary of his nineteen *Märchen*, according to which three per cent. of the words are of Magyar, nineteen of Slovak, and one of German origin. These *Märchen* themselves are of considerable value to folklorists generally; and the pity is he has published but nine of them, that, too, without a translation. Among these nine I recognise variants of "The Valiant Little Tailor," "The Shoes that were danced to Pieces," "The Master Thief," and "Gambling Hansel." Five others—"The Two Children," "The Four-and-twenty Thieves," "The Smith's Daughter," "The Ring," and "The Dragon"—I have failed to identify, though they offer many analogies to various European folk-tales. Gypsy *Märchen*, of which we now possess more than a hundred, have, like the Gypsy language, been almost universally neglected. There is not a hint of them in Mr. Clouston's recent *Popular Tales and Fictions*—a valuable work which indicates the late Asiatic origin of a host of our common folk-tales. I ask, as I asked nine years since with barely a fourth then of my present materials: May not our fairy-tales owe their Asiatic type, in part at least, to the Gypsies, many of whom in South-eastern Europe are professional story-tellers at the present day?

FRANCIS HINDES GROOME.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

##### THE GREEK SAMPI ON INDO-SCYTHIAN COINS.

London: Aug. 29, 1887.

Will you allow me to supplement my notes on "Zoroastrian Deities on Indo-Scythian Coins," published in the August number of the *Babylonian and Oriental Record* (David Nutt), with a few remarks on the epigraphic puzzle, for which I had found but a partial solution when that article was concluded?

The question is how to account for the letter *P*, which apparently represents in the legends of the Indo-Scythian coins (written in Greek characters) the native sound *sh*. The identity of KANHPKI and OOHPKI of our coins with the kings Kanishka and Huvishka of Indian tradition was a brilliant discovery of Prinsep; and equally happy was the identification of KOPANO with the ethnic title *Kushan*, suggested long ago by Gen. Sir A. Cunningham. But neither of these great pioneers in Indian numismatics nor later observers have been able to give any explanation of such a phonetic change.

To the list of forms with *P* = *sh* we can now

add from the obverses the titles PAO and PAONANOPAO, and from the reverse of some Huvishka coins the name of the god PAOPHOPO. In the paper referred to above I have identified the former titles (which, although known to correspond to BACIAETC and BACIAETC BACIAETC of the Greek legends, had hitherto baffled all attempts at etymological interpretation) with the Iranian titles *Shāh* and *Shāhan-shāh*; and I was similarly enabled to recognise in PAOPHOPO the Zoroastrian archangel *Shahrevar*. A close examination of the coins had also shown me that the letter representing *sh* in these and other legends, hitherto read as *P*, bears in fact a shape clearly different from the ordinary *P*, and rather resembling *b*; but I was not yet able, when writing that article, to suggest any explanation of the origin of this remarkable character.

I now think that I have found its prototype in the Greek *San* or *Sampi*, *ȝ*. This ancient sibilant, which survived in the later Greek alphabet only as the *epsilon* for 900, was, in fact, the only Greek character available for the expression of the sound *sh* of the Indo-Scythian legends. *San*, which we know from Herodotus (i. 139) to have been a letter peculiar to the Dorians, denoted in their dialect apparently a softer pronunciation of *s*, perhaps approaching that of *sh* (see Athenaeus xi. § 30). The very name *San*, evidently derived from the Semitic *shin*, suggests for *ȝ* a phonetic value similar to *sh* (compare the correspondence between name and sound in *σιγμα* = *sunekh*.)

Our identification of the Indo-Scythian *sh* with the character *San* rests, however, in the main on clear palaeographic evidence (compare for the latter Dr. I. Taylor's *Alphabet*, ii. p. 95). The earliest form of *San* is *M*, found in Dorian inscriptions (Thera, Melos, Corinth); coins of Meseubria and an inscription of Halicarnassus present us with a later form of *San* in the shape of *T*. As a numeral it appears in Greek papyri of Ptolemaic times in the form of *ω* or *T*, from which the oldest minuscule form of *Sampi*, *p*, and the almost identical form of the Indo-Scythian *sh* can be derived with equal ease. The latter character may be seen with special clearness on the coins represented on p. 165 of the *Babylonian and Oriental Record*.

The Indo-Scythian coinage generally exhibits very cursive characters, which, in the absence of historical evidence (inscriptions of Kanishka and his successors date from A.D. 87-176), we should be inclined to assign to a much later period; the almost perfect identity of the Indo-Scythian *sh* with the early minuscule form of *San* is, therefore, easily accounted for.

In the Indo-Scythian legends we had always ample proof of the fact that Greek writing remained in current use in India long after the destruction of the Greek kingdoms but the vitality of Greek writing in the far East was, perhaps, never brought more forcibly before us than by the observation that the obsolete *San* was revived to denote the *sh* of the foreign conquerors.

M. AUREL STEIN.

##### PROF. JEBB'S "INTRODUCTION TO HOMER."

London: Aug. 31, 1887.

I have just read an able paper by the Rev. Sir George W. Cox, on Dr. F. A. Paley's *The Truth about Homer*, in the *Cambridge Chronicle*; and I am surprised to find that a scholar like Prof. Jebb, in his recent work, *Homer*; an Introduction to the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, ignores the labours of one who has done more than any living man to throw light on the Homeric question. Dr. Paley, in his various works, has adduced overwhelming proof that our Homer cannot have been the Homer from which the Greek dramatists and

lyric poets derived the materials of their works; and that, in fact, the Homer we now read was not known among the Greeks before the age of Plato. Now, it is quite possible that some critics may not be fully satisfied with the evidence produced by Dr. Paley; but they are bound by common honesty and by the love of truth, which ought to be the first quality of every true scholar, not to repeat the old traditions as if they had never been assailed, and as if they were universally acknowledged facts.

Whatever may be the value of my opinion, I do not hesitate to enter my protest against such a method of dealing with so important a literary question; and I confess that I, in common with many others, entirely agree, on the whole, with the results to which Dr. Paley's investigations have led, and feel grateful to Sir George W. Cox for the admirable way in which he has dealt with the subject in the *Cambridge Chronicle*.

L. SCHMITZ.

#### THE ANTIQUITY OF THE AVESTA.

Herent (Belgium): Sept 2, 1887.

I regret sincerely that my answer to Dr. West's and M. Geiger's attacks seems unpleasing to our great Pahlavi scholar, although there was not a single word in it which need be disagreeable to anybody. I could not forbear writing it. Therefore, I will terminate the discussion, observing merely that Dr. West once more pays attention only to a short occasional paper, without noticing other more important writings on the same subject; and that M. Geiger has wholly misrepresented my opinions and ascribed to me assertions which I never thought of. I have demonstrated this long ago.

C. DE HARLEZ.

#### SCIENCE NOTES.

Two new works on the microscope are announced for early publication by Messrs. Roper & Drowley. One is by Mr. T. Charters White, and will treat of the mounting of objects; the other is a practical guide to the working and manipulation of the instrument and its accessories, and is by the author of *My Microscope*, who writes under the pseudonym of "A Quekett Club-man." This volume will be profusely illustrated.

#### PHILOLOGY NOTES.

THE forthcoming number of the *Babylonian and Oriental Record* (David Nutt) will contain the following articles: "Yemen Inscriptions—the Glaser Collection in the British Museum, Texts, and Translations," by Prof. Hartwig Derenbourg; "The Land of Sinim," by Prof. T. K. Cheyne; "The Land of Sinim, not China," by Prof. T. de Lacouperie; "Sumerological Notes," by Prof. Fritz Hommel; "A Royal Tithe of Nabonidus," by Mr. W. St. Chad Boscawen.

#### FINE ART.

##### NAVILLE'S EDITION OF "THE BOOK OF THE DEAD."

*Das Ägyptische Todtenbuch der XVIII. bis XX. Dynastie.* Von Edouard Naville. (Berlin: Asher.)

M. NAVILLE knows now how Agamemnon felt when Troy was taken. Unlike the king of men, however, he needs no Homer to rescue him from oblivion. His ten years' task is its own indelible record; and although that task while in progress may have seemed tedious and even ungrateful, he is promptly rewarded with the unanimous gratitude of

the learned, and by the knowledge that he has erected a colossal monument to his own enduring renown. To over-estimate the learning, the patience, the perseverance which have gone to the making of this great work is indeed impossible. The labour has been not only mental but bodily. It has involved long and frequent journeys, much self-denial, some hardships, and an amount of mere manual task-work which fairly staggers the imagination. It is not enough to say that M. Naville, in order to collect his thousands of variants, has given us the cream of seventy-one papyri contained in the museums of London, Paris, Berlin, Turin, Leyden, Florence, Bologna, Parma, Rome, Naples, Hanover, Marseilles, Liverpool, Dublin and Boulak, besides others in private collections in various parts of Europe; and this without counting the sculptured texts of six Egyptian sepulchres, and the inscribed winding-sheet of Thothmes III. We have also to remember the mass of documents which yielded no variants, and so cost labour in vain. The disappointments, the long trials of patience, and even the difficult circumstances under which many texts were deciphered, should also be taken into account when we sum up our debt of gratitude to M. Naville. Of such details he himself says nothing; but they are the inseparable drawbacks to Egyptological research, as every Egyptologist knows. Nor must it be forgotten that the author of a work of this description addressed not even the learned world in general, but only a very limited circle of specialists. To all but Egyptologists *pur et simple*, M. Naville's new edition of the *Todtenbuch* is absolutely a dead letter. The savants who shall translate it into modern languages, the commentators who shall interpret it by the light of comparative mythology, folklore, and philology, will achieve that popularity which M. Naville has prepared for them, and which in his own person he has been content to forego.

For readers who, not being Egyptologists *pur et simple*, are nevertheless interested in all that promotes the progress of science, it may be as well to explain what it is that M. Naville has actually done. In the first place, *The Book of the Dead* is a collection of prayers and exorcisms composed at various periods for the benefit of the pilgrim-soul in his journey through Amenti (the Egyptian Hades); and it was in order to provide him with a safe-conduct through the perils of that terrible valley, that copies of this work, or portions of it, were buried with the mummy in his tomb. Of the many thousands of papyri which have been preserved to this day, it is perhaps scarcely too much to say that one half, if not two-thirds, are copies more or less complete of the *Book of the Dead*. As documents, their variety is infinite; as texts, the majority are corrupt and faulty. In fact, no such thing as a really complete and correct copy has yet been found; and it is to the compilation of this ideal copy that M. Naville has devoted ten of the best years of his life. Confining himself to a central period when the sense of the book was yet fairly understood by the scribes, he has so collated, sifted, and selected his materials that a pure text is, for the first time, placed in the hands of scholars. Side by side with this pure text, M. Naville, in his second volume, gives us the various

readings of all his reference papyri, so that we not only have a standard copy for current use, but the means of constructing other copies. Scholars, in short, find their work done for them. Each can now select the variants he prefers, and a critical edition of *The Book of the Dead* at last becomes possible. Pending the critical edition, it is however to be hoped that competent Egyptologists will hasten to translate M. Naville's standard text into the principal European languages. An intelligible rendering is urgently needed; and without disrespect to the versions of Birch and Pierret, it must be conceded that no such rendering has yet been practicable. The Turin text edited by Lepsius is of a late epoch, and consequently corrupt; yet translators have been fain to follow that or none. That Dr. Birch should fail to make reasonable sense of so misleading an original was inevitable; and, notwithstanding the fact that he had De Rougé's admirable rendering of the famous seventeenth chapter to steer by, M. Pierret, on the whole, fared but little better. Even De Rougé, it is to be remembered, could not make sense of that chapter without a very free use of paraphrase.

The sources of error in funerary papyri were many and fruitful. These documents were the staple of an extensive trade, and the numbers engaged in every branch of this special industry were necessarily considerable. As in all other trades, the skill of the craftsman varied. Some scribes wrote well and others ill. Some were educated men, who understood what they transcribed; others were ignorant, and copied ignorantly. As a rule, there would seem to have been a division of labour, the hand that executed the vignettes being evidently not the same hand that penned the text. Some first-class penmen, however, were also admirable artists, and illustrated their own texts. Taking them in the mass, funerary papyri may be divided broadly into two classes; namely, documents made to order, and documents made for sale. The documents made to order were executed by artist-scribes of repute. They may be recognised by the general uniformity of the style, and by the accuracy with which the text and vignettes correspond. The space is carefully calculated; the writing is done to scale; the name of the deceased is in the same hand and in the same ink as the rest; and every illustration falls into its proper place. In papyri made for sale, the vignettes are by one hand, and the text by another. The object being in this case to produce an attractive article, the illustrations were made of more importance than the text, and the artist's share of the work was done first. Hence we find a marked inequality of style between the vignettes and the writing; the former being abundant, and often beautifully executed, whereas the latter is generally indifferent, and almost always faulty. Forced to accommodate his text to the space left by the artist, the scribe filled it in as best he could. The illustrations consequently come in wrong places; and, if the chapter to which they belong is too lengthy, another chapter with which they have no connexion is substituted. A careless scribe not infrequently filled in his blanks with fragments of texts and senseless repetitions. The place for the name of the deceased was,

of course, left vacant till the document was sold. This important lacuna was, however, occasionally overlooked; and the dead man's passport to Amenti, though duly buried with him, was useless, because nameless. In cases where the name has been added, there is generally a perceptible difference in the character of the script and the colour of the ink. M. Naville gives a curious instance of a papyrus at Liverpool, in which the name had been entered and then erased. Here, evidently, the document had been returned after purchase, and the scribe had done his best to put it once again into saleable condition. By noting the above-named points, it becomes easy to classify papyri as (1) made to order, or (2) made for sale. The former may be said to rank as works of art, and the latter as manufactured articles. As, however, the work of art is sober in style and sparingly illustrated, the manufactured article is by far the more attractive to an unlearned eye. Whether the scribes, as a rule, did or did not understand what they copied is an interesting question. M. Naville is of opinion that during the classic period—that is, throughout the XVIIIth and XIXth Dynasties—the majority of scribes did undoubtedly read and understand the sense of *The Book of the Dead*; but that their successors of the XXth and XXIst Dynasties were for the most part as ignorant as the public for which they catered. By the way in which they divided their columns and blundered the text, writing sometimes backwards and sometimes forwards in the same papyrus, he can tell whether they worked from a hieroglyphic or hieratic original, and even in what way the copy was arranged before the eyes of the copyists. Hieroglyphic documents, as a rule, were written vertically, and hieratic documents horizontally. Also, some hieroglyphic papyri are written from right to left, and others from left to right. Now, in a Berlin papyrus—clearly one of those got up for sale—the vignettes are made for a text reading from right to left, whereas the scribe has filled it in from left to right. The illustrations therefore come in inverse order, so proving that the scribe must have been entirely ignorant of the meaning of the characters traced by his pen. It is interesting to note that papyri in which the hieroglyphs read from left to right were thus written in conformity with a religious idea, life being regarded as a journey westward to Amenti, and the west, according to the Egyptian system of orientation, lying to the right hand of the observer.

*The Book of the Dead*, as already stated, is a compilation of texts written at various times and in various places. To assign an initial date to any one chapter, or group of chapters, is impossible. That it was regarded by the Egyptians themselves as a work of extreme antiquity may be inferred from the remote origin attributed to certain portions. Thus, in the great Turin papyrus, the 130th chapter is attributed to Usaphaidos (Hesepti) of the 1st Dynasty, and the 64th Chapter to Menkara, of the IVth Dynasty; while the engraved texts of the sarcophagus of Queen Mentuhotep (XIth Dynasty) and two papyri of the XXIst Dynasty concur in ascribing the 64th chapter, not to Menkara, but to Usaphaidos. Again, in the famous papyrus of Nebzeni, a remarkable chapter, elsewhere

unknown, is said to have been discovered by Prince Hortata-f, son of Menkara. Without accepting these traditions *au pied de la lettre*, it must be admitted that they represent a belief which possibly had some approximate foundation in fact, and which was at all events handed on from dynasty to dynasty throughout a period of more than 2000 years. The majority of the chapters are of Heliopolitan origin, the next largest number being due to Hermopolis. One chapter only—the 171st—can with certainty be attributed to Thebes; and this chapter is found in but two documents, namely, the Brocklehurst papyrus No. 2, and the twenty-first Boulak papyrus. Strange to say, this is the only chapter in the whole *Book of the Dead* which mentions the name of either Thebes or Amen, whence M. Naville concludes that it is a Theban interpolation, and consequently of more recent date than the rest. The total absence (with this one exception) of the name of the great god of the capital of the Thebaid from a work of such supreme authority—and not only the absence of his name, but of all mention of his cult, and of the localities in which he was especially worshipped—constitutes in M. Naville's opinion a chronological factor of the first importance in any attempt to determine the age of the work.

"The part played by Amen in the Egyptian Pantheon," he says, "was assuredly very great; and Thebes, his place of residence, was a city incontestably of more importance than many others which are mentioned in *The Book of the Dead*. If the god and his temples are passed over in silence, it is, therefore, undoubtedly because the composition of the book dated back to an epoch anterior to the worship of Amen; while the care with which it was avoided to introduce what would have changed the character of the work must be attributed to the desire of preserving its archaic colouring" (Einleitung, chap. ii.).

If, however, *The Book of the Dead* should prove to be less ancient than is reported by native tradition, the recently discovered Pyramid Texts may be said to have constituted a Book of the Dead for the Egyptians of the Ancient Empire. Also, in addition to the Pyramid Texts, new chapters of the actual *Todtenbuch* have quite lately been found; as, for instance, in the tomb of Horhotep.\* These facts, as M. Naville justly observes, point to the existence of some older funerary book, or books, of which a part is lost, or has been superseded by *The Book of the Dead*. It will be remembered that Mariette, in one of his vivid flashes of intuitive perception, hazarded this very opinion only a few months before his death. His premises, as it happens, were erroneous; but his conclusions have been borne out by discoveries made since he passed away.

One important and clearly proved fact in the history of *The Book of the Dead* is the transformation which it underwent at the time of the Saïte Renaissance. Then it was that one of the Psammetici did for this venerable religious collection what Pisistratus did for the Homeric poems. The chapters were for the first time arranged in a definite and intelligible sequence; some were omitted; the rest were revised; four new ones were

introduced; and a codex was added. Thus the text became fixed; and from this "Revised Version" of the oldest Bible in the world the copyists worked from that time forth.

The script varied from age to age. With but one exception, the most ancient examples of *The Book of the Dead* are executed in hieroglyphic characters, or in a writing which is an abridgement of the hieroglyphic. This abridged form, though it occasionally resembles the hieratic, was concurrent with, yet distinct from, the actual hieratic, which did not come into use for *The Book of the Dead* earlier than the XXth and XXIst Dynasties. Thenceforth—that is to say, from the XXIst to the XXVIth Dynasty—hieratic prevailed, and copies executed in hieroglyphs are very rarely met with. With the Saïte revival, however, the taste for hieroglyphic writing was reawakened; and the codified texts of the Saïte scribes (and later still of the Ptolemaic scribes) are as often written in the hieroglyphic script as in the hieratic. Thus, four distinct phases of the text are recognisable: (1) the text of the Ancient and Middle Empire, which has yet to be collated, is imperfectly known, and is hieroglyphic; (2) the Theban text, from the XVIIth to the XXth Dynasty, also hieroglyphic; (3) the hieratic text, of which the order of the chapters is not yet determined, and which commanded the market from the XXth to the XXVIth Dynasty; (4) the Saïte and Ptolemaic text, which I have ventured to describe as the "Revised Version," and which is written indifferently in either the hieroglyphic or hieratic script. Of the abridged form of hieroglyphic writing above-named, M. Naville remarks that it better deserves the name of "hieratic" than the actual hieratic, which is really cursive, and should be so called.

For the unanswerable reasons which decided M. Naville to confine his text to the great Theban period, I can only refer readers of the ACADEMY to the first chapter of his Einleitung. Enough that the undertaking as at first outlined by the Orientalist Congress of 1874 was impracticable, and that it would have consumed a lifetime—or, perhaps, have demanded more than a single lifetime—to do for the texts of the four periods of *The Book of the Dead* what it has cost ten years to do for one. It fortunately happened that M. Naville's researches brought to light an unexpected wealth of documents belonging to that one special era. Some of these had long lain disregarded in public museums, while others were among the hidden treasures of private collections. Many contained important variants of the text; some yielded new names, titles, and offices; and in some were discovered chapters hitherto unknown. One chapter, the 154th, long sought and well-nigh despaired of, was found by M. Naville on the inscribed winding-sheet of Thothmes III., then just rescued, with the mummy and mummy-case of its owner, from the depths of the famous *câche* at Dayr-el-Baharee. Now, it so happens that the winding-sheet is the proper place of this text; and as the winding-sheet of Thothmes III. is unique, we may assume that the 154th chapter might never have turned up if the secret of the *câche* had not been revealed. The whole of the very im-

portant 17th chapter, which contains a summary of the Egyptian cosmogony as taught at Heliopolis, is also written on this sheet, as well as the 18th chapter, part of the 68th, and some portions of the Litany of Ra. This whole document is, in fact, of great philosophical value. It is dated, it is written with extreme care, it is admirably correct, and it is regarded by M. Naville as an authority of the utmost importance for the determination of linguistic forms at the time of the XVIIIth Dynasty. It has also given us the name of Queen Isi, or Isit, the mother of Thothmes III., who is thus first made known to history. Nor is this the only royal name which has been rescued from oblivion by *The Book of the Dead*. A papyrus of the XXth Dynasty (Brit. Mus. No. 9953) purports to have been written for "the Chief Librarian of King Khai," a sovereign not elsewhere known; and a Leyden Papyrus of the XXIInd Dynasty commemorates one "Pakrer," a Memphite priest of Ptah, who, strangely enough, is twice described as "Lord of the Two Lands." The name of Pakrer is also noteworthy as being identical with that of a tributary prince of Supt of the XXVth Dynasty, who conspired against Esarhaddon, and was sent to Nineveh in chains. Nor must it be forgotten that the Brocklehurst papyrus No. 1, first described by myself in the ACADEMY (No. 496, November 5, 1881), yielded the name of Prince Aha-tat-f Ptah-au-f-Ankh, styled "the royal son of Rameses," who was probably a grandson or great grandson of Rameses III.

Besides the 154th chapter from the cere-ments of Thothmes III., M. Naville has added twenty other chapters, beginning with the 166th. Of these, three are "Amulet Chapters"; one is a discourse of Horus to Osiris; one contains a curious dialogue between Thoth, Tum, and the deceased; and two are hymns to Osiris, supposed to be recited by Thoth. Another, the 172nd, has already been published by M. Naville in the *Zeitschrift*, 1883.

It is impossible, within the compass of a single article, to note a tithe of the interesting facts and suggestions which enrich M. Naville's introductory volume. Here, however, are a few taken almost at random. He thinks the common determinative of the palette and pen is often used as the equivalent of "official," and is not strictly limited to the sense of "scribe," having undergone the same process of expansion as our term "clerk." He also conceives that the word *ka* has a wider significance than that of "ghost" or "double." Touching the multitude of funerary inscriptions in which the wife is described as the "sister" of her husband, M. Naville is of opinion that the relationship is not always to be taken in a literal sense, but that it included other and more distant degrees of consanguinity. It may be, in fact, but a survival of ancient endogamous tradition. Now and then, as was to be expected, M. Naville has come across some interesting proper names; as, for instance, in a papyrus at Avignon made for a chief equerry called "Nes-ahiu," literally "superintendent of cattle." Here we have a proper name derived from an occupation, like our "Shepherd." As for topographical names, *The Book of the Dead* abounds in such; but M. Naville shows that they must

\* See *A Theban Tomb of the Eleventh Dynasty*: the ACADEMY, No. 612, January 26, 1884.

be accepted in a mythological sense. Amenti had its own topography; and the famous places of this world were represented in duplicate in the next. Thus, when we read of Memphis, or Heliopolis, or Hermopolis, we may be assured that it is the Memphis, Heliopolis, or Hermopolis of Khermete that is intended. As regards the Egyptian name of the *Todtenbuch*, for which so many different readings have been suggested, M. Naville stands by the definition proposed in his paper read before the Orientalist Congress of Berlin. He translates *Per-em-Hru* by "To Go Forth from Day"—not in the sense of going forth from the daylight of this world into the gloom of Hades, but in a sense far more subtle, which is best explained in his own words.

"It is certain," he says, "according to various texts, that a man's 'day' is the duration of his life upon earth. To go forth from his day is not actually quitting life, in the sense of definitively ceasing to exist; for life is prolonged beyond the grave. It is simply to be delivered from the fatal and limited duration of all terrestrial life—to have done with all beginning and ending—to enter upon an existence which is limited neither by time nor space. Hence the frequent complement of the expression 'To go forth from day' is—in all forms which the deceased may wish: briefly, to become a being enfranchised from the conditions of time and space."

M. Naville defends this interpretation against the objections of Prof. Lieblein, who conceives that too many ideas are here attributed to a very simple phrase; and he maintains that his translation errs, in fact, on the side of inadequately expressing all the ideas which the words *Per-em-Hru* conveyed to the mind of the ancient Egyptian. It is difficult, however, not to be of Prof. Lieblein's opinion. M. Naville's reading of this much-debated title is pre-eminently lofty and philosophical; but I venture to think that it belongs to an order of ideas quite foreign to "the wisdom of the Egyptians." Unscathed to tread the perilous ways of Amenti, to pass approved from before the judgment-seat of Osiris, to rest and feast in the Fields of Aalu, and, above all, to attain to the power of self-transformation, and thus, "in whatever shape he pleases," to be free to revisit the world of men in the daytime is, according to the testimony of *The Book of the Dead*, the supreme aim of the pilgrim soul after death. The work contains, in fact, a collection of spells and prayers framed for the express purpose of enabling him to do so. "To go forth by day" is as correct a translation of *Per-em-Hru* as "To go forth from day"; and it has the signal advantage of precisely expressing the sense and object of the book. This, or very nearly this, was the reading advocated as long ago as 1873 by M. Lefèbvre; and Prof. Maspero, in one of his recent lectures delivered at the Collège de France, accepts it absolutely. The ambiguity of the Egyptian phrase does not so much depend on the sense of the word *Hru*, whether taken as "day," or "life," or "light," as on the various meanings of the preposition *em*, which stands equally for "to," "from," "in," "for," "during," and "among"; and in which, naturally enough, each savant recognises that shade of meaning which harmonises with his own convictions. M. Pierret has compared *The Book of the Dead* to a passport; and this

it actually is, for it enables the soul to pass the seven gates of Amenti. But it is also, *con rispetto*, a ticket of leave; and it is in this sense that "To go forth by day," or "during day," seems most closely to express the meaning of *Per-em-Hru*.

It is perhaps too early to begin to speculate upon the scientific gains which may be expected to result from the publication of M. Naville's standard edition. It will probably throw much light upon the religion of ancient Egypt; but the chief value of the work will of course be philological. It gives us, in the first place, a large and correct vocabulary; and, in the second place, a storehouse of accurate grammatical forms. It furnishes us, moreover, with an invaluable example of what the writers of new Egyptian regarded as classical Egyptian; and it enables us to compare classical Egyptian with both the new and the archaic Egyptian, thus opening the way to a thorough definition of every phase of the language.

It remains to say something of Mdme. Naville's share in this great work—one folio volume containing 212 plates of texts, vignettes, and variants of vignettes, being entirely from her hand. In evidence of her complete mastery of the script, it is enough that she has reproduced the 186 chapters upon a scale as nearly uniform as their varying length would permit—i.e., the originals being written large and in various hands, she has so skilfully recast the whole that her columns have the regularity and clearness of a work printed in hieroglyphic types. This in itself is no small achievement; but the execution of the vignettes surpasses even the execution of the text. With the sympathy of a true artist, Mdme. Naville has seized upon all that is best in the work of the old Egyptian draughtsman—his faultless purity of line, his delicate rendering of detail, his naturalistic treatment of all forms of animal life. Whether it be a procession to the tomb, a fight with malevolent genii, a scene of propitiation, of adoration, of sacrifice, of judgment, Mdme. Naville is equally successful. Her pencil never exaggerates, never deviates into grotesqueness; but is always serious, elegant, and faithful.

The amount of labour involved in the preparation of these 212 plates, many of which contain six or seven subjects, must have been prodigious; but the result is a partnership of fame as well as of labour. One would have liked to see Mdme. Naville's name upon the title-page.

AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

#### NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

THE Herkomer Art School at Bushey, which was founded in 1883, and has this year received a charter of incorporation, will open for its new session on Monday, October 3. Applicants for admission must send examples of their work before September 17. There are two classes: (1) a life class, for painting and drawing from the living model, nude or draped, under the personal supervision of Prof. Herkomer; and (2) a preliminary class, under Mr. D. A. Wehrschmidt, for drawing from the antique, and painting the head from life. A pamphlet may be obtained from the secretary, containing an address by the president, Prof. Herkomer, with some introductory remarks by the treasurer of

the school, Mr. Thomas Eccleston Gibbs. It appears that a total sum of £12,000 has already been expended upon land and buildings.

VOL. I., Part II., of Comm. J. B. de Rossi's monumental work—*Inscriptiones Christianae Urbis Romae Septimo Saeculo Antiquiores*—will be ready for issue in November. The publishing price is 80 lire (£3 3s.); and the London agents are Messrs. Dulau & Co.

AN article by Signor Alfredo Melani in *Le Conversazioni della Domenica* describes with some enthusiasm a newly discovered early work by Correggio. It is a Nativity, with a highly dramatic effect of stormy dawn. The "stable" is represented among ruins of pagan architecture; and the principal group comprises St. Anne and St. John the Baptist, as well as the Holy Family. Behind a hedge are seen the shepherds, directed to the Madonna by angels floating in the air. Signor Melani is of opinion that the composition could only have been conceived by the painter of the famous "Notte" at Dresden, and that it confirms the views of Morelli and other modern critics that Correggio derived his art from the Ferrara-Bologna school. The picture was purchased by Dr. J. P. Richter at a "ale in England, and is now in the possession of Signor Cristoforo Crespi, of Milan.

A TREASURE-TROVE of some importance is announced from San Paulo in Brazil. It consists of church plate, money, &c., buried by the Jesuits when they left San Paulo in 1777.

A MAGNIFICENT work, based on the collection made by M. Thiers of copies of masterpieces of Italian art, is in course of publication. The first section deals with the Florentine masters of the fifteenth century, and contains thirty plates engraved by M. W. Hassouilier after drawings by himself and the Viscount Henri Delaborde, with an introduction by the latter. Among the works of art reproduced are the fresco of "Poetry and Music," by Filippino Lippi in Santa Maria Novella; the well-known tombs of Leonardo Bruni and Bishop Salutati, by Rossellino and Mino da Fiesole; and Fra Filippo Lippi's fresco of the "Burial of St. Etienne," in the cathedral at Prato.

#### MUSIC.

##### NAUMANN'S HISTORY OF MUSIC.

*The History of Music.* By Emil Naumann. In 2 vols. (Cassell.)

THIS work has been translated by Mr. F. Praeger, and edited by the Rev. Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley. We suppose the translator must be held responsible for the bold title, which, quite in Podsnap fashion, seems to put all other histories "nowhere."

The two volumes contain over 1300 pages, and the author therefore treats some subjects at considerable length—as, for example, Folk-Music, The Old French and Netherland Schools, and Luther and the Music of the Reformation. Herr Naumann seems most at home in the period of the Middle Ages; at other times he is fanciful or prejudiced. Take, as an example of fancy, his statement that, by reason of their profound religious belief, the Israelites must have possessed a knowledge of harmony. Nay, more, he even ventures to describe that harmony as consisting largely of unusual and diminished chords. "The author seems here to have been somewhat led away by his desire to establish his position" quietly remarks the editor in a foot-note. Later on he affirms that the introduction of harmony was due to the influence of Christianity; but his editor reminds him that "harmony seems to have arisen in the first instance among the northern tribes of Europe." It may possibly, one day, be traced

to our Aryan ancestors, whose influence, mediate or immediate, on our civilisation Herr Naumann ignores. That "polythematic development, reached with Beethoven, will, during the coming five hundred years, gradually deteriorate" is another statement to which we would apply the epithet "fanciful." "It is not," says our author, "the haphazard statement of a jaundiced individual, but a logical deduction from well-accredited facts in the growth of the arts." The Fugue form, slowly built up during five hundred years, apparently reached its climax in Sebastian Bach. The Sonata form, quickly built up in about a hundred years, apparently reached its climax in Beethoven. The history of the arts teaches us that a form, when it has attained its climax, deteriorates; but we maintain that no rash assertions can be made respecting the particular forms of music—the youngest of the arts. If at all disposed to speculate as to the duration of the Sonata or Symphony form, we should be inclined to think that, having sprung up quickly, it might speedily wither away. But the very fact of its having reached a climax is disputed by men of authority.

But fancy gets complete mastery over Herr Neumann when he comes to the musicians of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Some he finds possessed of style—they are geniuses; some of a grand manner—they are great talents. The words "style" and "manner" are somewhat loosely employed by writers on music, so that we will not quarrel with his definitions. But let us give the names of those who form his "grand manner" class: Schubert, Weber, Spohr, Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn and Schumann. His geniuses were six in number, and perhaps, for the sake of symmetry, he wished for six "talents." How else can we explain the presence of some of the names? We say nothing about Spohr, Meyerbeer, or even Mendelssohn; but we cannot allow Weber, Schubert—of whom Beethoven, after perusing some of his songs, said, "Truly he has the divine fire"—and Schumann to be placed merely among the talents. Mr. Rockstro's division of famous composers in his *History of Music* into seven Lamps and seven Lesser Lights, if not satisfactory, was less objectionable. The very difference between the two writers, in respect of representatives for the highest class, shows how difficult it is in some cases to draw the line between genius and talent. But coming down to later times, what does our author do with Wagner. Seeing that on page 1179 he speaks of his "immense genius" he surely might have put him in the "genius" class. But no: he is only discussed as the "perfector" of the New Romantic School. We shall single out one or two of our historian's remarks about Wagner and his works, to show the sad results of prejudice. Herr Naumann was perfectly at liberty to set up Wagner as a hero, or to run him down as a man of unsound views, but he has only given us a distorted image of the great reformer. What does he mean by the *leit-motif* "precluding freedom and variety"? One might as well complain of the fetters of Sonata form. Again *leit-motif* are not "stereotyped phrases," *fixed formulae*; but as free and capable of development as the themes of a symphony. But really Herr Naumann seems as if he had taken statements on trust, accepting them as suitable to his argument. Wagner, he tells us, found out that the style which he had adopted in "Tristan" would not do, and so abandoned it in his latest work, "Parsifal." Such foolish assertions merely stir up anger. They do not help to give a correct idea of Wagner's music-dramas. Starting from false premises, how can correct conclusions be got at? In the account of Handel, not a word is said about his borrowings. Herr Naumann might have mentioned the disputed

"Magnificat" of Erba, from which Handel, according to some, took many movements for his "Israel in Egypt," or the Uriel "Te Deum," which is so like the Dettingen "Te Deum." At any rate, in noticing the composers, he might have reminded his readers that Handel was indebted to Kerl, Carissimi, and Stradella for some of the music in "Israel" and "Samson." In the chapter on music of the present, there are many remarks on which we should feel disposed to comment, space permitting. But we can only glance at one or two. In the notice of Grieg no mention is made of his beautiful songs. The admirers of Brahms will scarcely agree with the statement that "the only man worthy to be placed by his side is Rubinstein." Among the works of Raff most deserving of notice is given the "Frühlingsklänge"—one of his weakest symphonies. The account of Dvorák is very unsatisfactory.

In some parts of his book the author appears to contradict himself. For example, he tells us, p. 761, that Beethoven's first period is "universally referred to as Beethoven's 'Mozart,' and not 'Haydn' period." On p. 942 he writes: "Beethoven's first period may aptly be described as the Haydn-Mozart period." The student must be on his guard in reading these volumes, for though they have passed through the hands of author, translator, and editor, the mistakes are not, as were said to be the plums in Jack's pudding, few and far between. Many are the result of carelessness, but others cannot be so easily accounted for. As examples of wrong dates we may mention those of the production of Monteverde's operas "Ariadne" and "Orpheo," given as 1608 and 1607, instead of 1607 and 1608. Again, the success of Handel's "Messiah" in London in 1741 is spoken of, whereas the oratorio was first produced at Dublin in April 1742, and even in noticing that performance our author fails to give the correct day. The statement that the "Messiah" was produced in London was certainly made by the Rev. J. Mainwaring and other writers; but Schoelcher, in his life of Handel, has fully shown that there is no truth in it. Then there are many confusing mistakes in the descriptions of works. Take, for example, Chopin. He wrote two piano forte Concertos in E and F minor, which are given as F minor and F sharp minor. He is further stated to have written two Sonatas for piano and violoncello, whereas he only wrote one. But in speaking about Beethoven's great Mass in D, our author is very careless. This work was commenced in 1818 and concluded in 1822. On p. 940, Herr Naumann tells us that it was composed in 1823; on p. 942 the date 1822 is given. P. 1009 contains several bad blunders. Among Schumann's Symphonies is included one in C minor. The same composer's "Carneval : Scènes mignonnes," is set out thus, "Carnival" "Scènes mignonnes," as if there were two separate works. Spohr wrote nine Symphonies: on p. 989 ten are mentioned, while here (p. 1009) he is said to have only composed one. And Schubert on this page is only credited with one, for, remarks our author naïvely, the B minor Symphony was left unfinished. What would Sir George Grove say to this? On the question of comic opera our author is decidedly confusing. The difference between grand and comic opera is pretty clear: in the one everything is sung, in the latter spoken dialogue is introduced. He seems to lose sight of this distinction on pp. 1083 and 1084, where he speaks of two of Grétry's operas as "not belonging to the comic opera, not being exclusively comic." Even Méhul's "Joseph," in spite of its Biblical subject, is, owing to the form in which it is cast, a comic opera.

The constant antagonism between author and editor is, to say the least, amusing. We have already mentioned one or two instances in which the latter, no mean authority, ex-

presses a difference of opinion. Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley is zealous for his country, and special chapters on English music are from his pen. However interesting and valuable they may be, there is no doubt that they interfere with the unity of the work. At the same time, without them, the account of English music would be very incomplete. For, be it noted, although the editor undertook to write special chapters, the author was obliged from time to time to touch upon the subject of English music, and then we find ourselves between two fires. "Poetry and song were introduced into England from Northern France," says the author. "This statement is hardly correct," adds the editor, in a footnote. Again, imagining that Herr Naumann had forgotten the remarkable canon "Sumer is icumen," the editor gives the music, and an account of the Harleian MS. Later on in the book the author notices it, and his remarks on the question of date do not exactly tally with those of Sir F. A. Ouseley. And once more, on p. 1249, the author says that Sir Sterndale Bennett "entirely followed the principles of Mendelssohn"; but on another page the editor, speaking of the same composer, says:

"His style is emphatically his own. It has been said by many writers that he was an imitator of Mendelssohn; but it is hardly credible that any competent critic could form such a judgment if he had taken the trouble to examine Bennett's works at all minutely."

The wonderful discoveries of Coussemacher in the library at Montpellier, which are fully described in his *L'Art Harmonique au 12<sup>e</sup> et 13<sup>e</sup> Siècles*, are not overlooked by Herr Naumann, who devotes a whole chapter to the old French masters who invented counterpoint, and prepared the way for the Netherlands schools. This chapter brings before the student names and facts which will be new to most readers, and the musical extracts add greatly to its interest. Then, again, there is a long and well-written chapter on "Luther and the Music of the Protestant Church." The interest which the reformer took in music generally, and in church music in particular, helped to bring about a form of art which reached its climax in the Bach Passions. In discussing Luther's right of authorship to the melody of "Ein feste Burg," he might have quoted the testimony of Sleidan, almost a contemporary, who says of the hymn "that Luther made for it a tune singularly suited to the words, and adapted to stir the heart." Two other chapters which seem to us worthy of special mention are those on "The Rise of Opera in Italy" and on "Gluck."

Whatever, indeed, may be the faults or shortcomings of these volumes, they contain a large amount of valuable information and thoughtful remarks. The student, though he must not take all as gospel, may learn much from them. There are a number of interesting illustrations, portraits, and facsimiles. The translation by Mr. F. Praeger, himself a German, is, on the whole, exceedingly well done.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

#### MUSIC NOTES.

THE admirers of Browning's "Abt Vogler" should take note that an excellent monograph on the famous old extemporisising musician has just been published in Germany—"Abt George Joseph Vogler: sein Leben, Charakter, &c. By Dr. Karl Emil von Schafhäutl. (Augsburg: Huttler)." Chancellor Mee, the writer of the article on Vogler in Grove's *Musical Dictionary*, states that this book "quite eclipses anything else done hitherto" on Vogler.